YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ SEPT. 8
VOL. 3, NO. 12
1944

By the men . . . for the men in the service

INVESTIGATION IN ITALY

Story of a Sailor's 31 Months on Jap-held Guam

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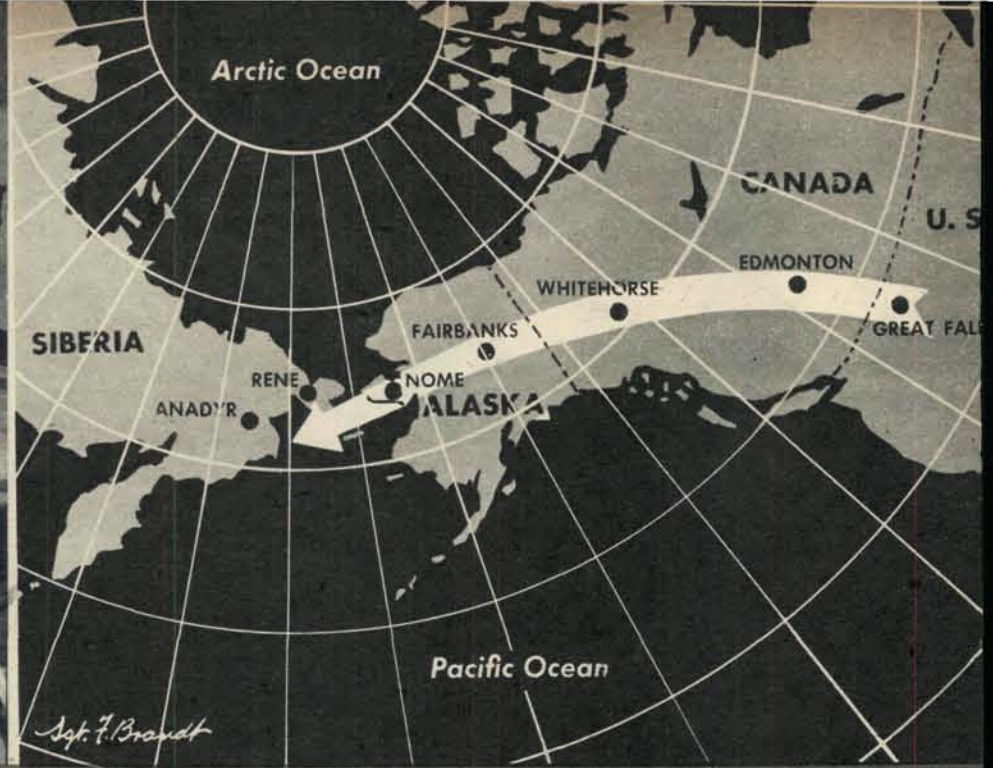
The Red Air Force flyers have their own recreation hall in Alaska. Here a U. S. sergeant, in leather jacket, takes on two Russian flying majors at pool.



This map, looking down on the globe from above the North Pole, traces the Arctic Skyway from Great Falls, Mont., its U. S. terminus, to Russian Siberia

Three Russian pilots and an American lieutenant at Nome gaze up at the sky, watching for the arrival of U. S.-built, Russian-bound planes from Fairbanks.

Sgt. Clem Trent Jr. of Pueblo, Colo., and M/Sgt. Michael Kostin of Moscow, U.S.S.R., study "gripe sheet" pasted on the wing of a Russia-bound fighter.

Chess is a favorite Russian pastime. Two officers play as one kibitzes. Unlike Yanks, Russian soldiers are permitted to wear civilian clothes off-duty.

Yank Lt. Shepard Shedden (center) carries on a conversation with a couple of Soviet ferry pilots helped out by two civilian Russian girl interpreters.

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...straits to Siberia by Russian ferry pilots.

Skyway to Siberia

Russians and Yanks working together have sent more than 5,000 Lend-Lease aircraft to the Soviet Union via Alaska, the shortest route from our factories to their front lines.

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA—Nobody looks up anymore. Used to be that people would get in a lather when a flight of medium bombers roared low over the city—American bombers, sure, but with red stars splashed on instead of the AAF white star.

Now it's old sausage. For two years the GIs and civilians around here have seen Russian pilots heading for Siberia, and they've quit gawking. Plenty of twin-engined bombers and raspy pursuit jobs have let down for a landing with white-starred torsos, then taken off the next day with fresh paint jobs for Nome and points west.

Back in the days when Stalingrad was under siege, it was obvious that the U. S. planes we were shipping to Russia by way of the North Atlantic and the Middle East were showing up about as soon as the 10-o'clock scholar who came at noon.

Then one day a big twin-tailed ship landed at Ladd Field near here and a bunch of Russians climbed out. They were members of a Soviet Purchasing Commission come to strike a bargain. These were the terms:

Under Lend-Lease, Russia would buy U. S. combat planes, delivered to Fairbanks by American pilots. There the ships would be put through demonstration test hops and then Russian pilots would be checked out in handling them. After that, the Russians would ferry the ships to Siberia by way of Nome.

All planes delivered by this "Arctic Skyway" would be used only against the Germans on the Eastern Front. Since the ferry route went right past the back door of Germany's Axis partner, Japan, with which Russia was not at war, the whole deal was hush-hushed.

Today the offices engaged in Russian-American liaison functions at Ladd Field look like the Internal Revenue Bureau on Mar. 15. But when the Arctic Skyway was just a couple of nacelle ruts in the clouds, every man was his own liaison bureau.

At first the Purchasing Commission people were surprised and disappointed. They took one look at Fairbanks and said: "But it is so small! We have heard so much about Fairbanks, we thought it was a big city." Their next remark surprised the Americans in turn, who had figured Siberia was a vast chunk of frozen bleakness. "In the Soviet Arctic," the Russians said, "there are scores of cities bigger than Fairbanks."

Besides this mutual ignorance about each other's countries, there was a language barrier between the Russians and Americans. Four American pilots were assigned to check out the Russian pilots, and only one of them could speak the language. He was Russian-born Lt. Nicholas DeTolly, who acted as interpreter for the other instructors: Lt. Richard Hettenbaugh, Lt. Bob Glass and Lt. Frederick J. Kane. Kane, a veteran airlines pilot from Long Beach, Calif., is now a major in operations and the only one of the four still w rking with the Russians.

Those first check flights were tough, but nowhere near as tough as the Yanks had expected. One reason was that these Russians knew how to fly. The ferry pilots arriving from Siberia, some of them looking like June graduates from Union High, were veteran combat flyers. One little major with fuzz on his face, who walked with a feminine prance, drew curious looks from the Americans. Then one of them spotted him naked in the shower; his ribs were caved in and the instep of one foot was almost blown away. Under pressure, the major admitted he did have some combat time—as a matter of fact, he'd completed 140 missions when he was assigned to "the rest cure." This job is still the rest cure from combat for most of the Soviet flyers.

"You've probably heard," Maj. Kane says, "about how daring the Russian pilots are supposed to be. This may be true when they're tailing Nazis, but the men who are flying out of here know they have only one job: to get that plane to the spot where it can do the most good."

Teaching the Russians to fly A-20s, Maj. Kane and the other Americans developed the "piggyback" system of instruction, now commonly used with P-38s. The A-20s, bimotored attack bombers flown by a single pilot, were among the first ships ordered by the Russians.

"At first we thought it would be impossible to ride with the Russians on their transition flights," Maj. Kane says. "Then we cleared out the equipment on the little platform behind the pilot's cockpit. I used to lie there flat on my belly

Russians Had a Word for It

Teheran, Iran—GI mechanics who work in the Ordnance check-up station here, giving the final okay to American trucks assembled in Iran before they head out for Russia and the Eastern Front, have been slightly red in the face ever since they translated into English what their outpost is called by the Russki drivers.

Some of the boys, in fact, have been thinking of spending some money on a green light to hang over the entrance to their station. It seems that in the Russian language there is only one combination of words that expresses the idea of "check-up point." It comes out simply and unmistakably as "prophylactic station."

—YANK Staff Correspondent

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Starshy Serzhant (Senior Sergeant) Ivan Shramkov meets the Sad Sack in an Alaskan Post Exchange.

and point out the proper control operations and instrument readings for the Russian trainees during the check rides."

As for the larger bombers, Russian women interpreters small enough to squeeze between pilot and co-pilot used to ride on the training flights, but the American instructors soon saw that their students got along just as well with pure sign language. Their air sense was keen. Their knowledge of the function of controls, gained in their own planes, was sound. The Russians had their only difficulty with the instrument readings; these were all in English, using our standard calibrations, and were new to the kilometer-trained Russians.

Checking out in the smaller single-place pursuit plane, the Russian pilot would simply climb into the cockpit and rev up the engine while someone explained the instrument panel and controls. Then he was ready for his first lesson in the air—solo.

It has been a long time since American pilots were needed to check out Soviet flyers. Now whenever a Russian arrives who is green in our ships, his fellow officers show him the ropes.

ON June 25, 1943, the 1,000th plane had passed through Ladd Field on the Arctic Skyway. Since then at least 4,000 more fighters, bombers and transports have covered the route from Great Falls, Mont., via Edmonton, Fairbanks and Nome. From January through April of 1944 an average of 550 ships entered Siberia from Alaska each month.

Several of the Russians who pioneered the earliest ferry flights to Siberia are still on the run, among them Capt. Vladimir V. Finogenoff, Senior Lt. Peter Gamov and Lts. Jacob D. Gorbenko and Fedor I. Trapeznikov. For his record in flying planes from America to the front, Lt. Gamov was awarded the Order of Lenin, Russia's highest noncombat honor.

It was Lt. Gamov who taxied a grounded bomber a mile and a half through two feet of snow and hidden ice cakes on the Bering Sea to reach a 750-foot strip of glare ice for a take-off. He wrestled the ship into the air and landed it safely at Nome.

Top men at this aerial turnstile for many months were Lt. Col. H. P. Little, American executive officer for operations, and Col. Michael Machin, commanding officer of the Russian Military Mission, a bomber pilot who frequently quit his desk to lead flights into Siberia. Like a few other Russian officers, Col. Machin was authorized to bring his wife and two children to America with him.

Several other Russian women serve with the Soviet mission as secretaries and interpreters, and one woman navigator accompanied a few flights. No Russian women pilots have appeared for any flying assignment from our shores. The women best known to the Americans are two vivacious and chatty interpreters, Natilie F. Fenelonova and Elena A. Makarova.

On the American side, the interpreters are mostly American officers and GIs of Russian descent. Both Capt. George G. Kisevalter, a New York construction engineer who is chief liaison officer, and his assistant, Lt. Michael Gavrisheff, a Washington (D. C.) aerial photographer, were born in Leningrad.

The interpreters at Nome—Capt. Anatol Rappaport, a concert pianist, and Lt. Igor A. Gubert of Berkeley, Calif.—are Russian-born. When Lt. Gubert reported to Nome, one of the enlisted interpreters on his staff turned out to be S/Sgt. Victor F. Salatko, an old schoolmate from Harbin, Manchuria. Salatko was born in Irkutsk, Siberia. Another GI interpreter, Sgt. Elias Borotovsky, New York muralist, was born in Leningrad and was in the Caucasus during the Russian Revolution. The third EM on the staff, Sgt. Alexander Homonchuck, is a former Brooklyn (N. Y.) truck driver.

At Ladd Field there is always an interpreter stationed in the control tower, and a special frequency—monitored 24 hours a day—has been assigned for the Russians to keep them in the right traffic lanes. Tower control and voice radiophone are little known to Russian flyers, and it took a while for them to get used to the idea.

The first point the Russians always hit on their arrival in Alaska is the Nome PX, run by Sgt. Louis B. Stack of Binghamton, N. Y. Within a few minutes of their landing they are clamoring for pens, pencils, lighters, milk chocolate and toilet articles at the quonset department store. If one Russian buys a wool scarf, all the others follow suit by shouting: "Me one! Me one!"

The Russians are almost the only customers Stack has who buy his 15-cent cigars. Usually they buy two and give Stack one. Many are familiar with products only through trade names made popular by advertising. Russians who don't know the word for toothpaste or cigarettes will lean on the counter and ask for *Papsodant* or *Kemmels*. Stack figures each Russian spends an average of $12 to $14 on his first visit to the PX. Once one man bought $57.50 worth of stock.

It has been a long time since GI moviegoers were bothered by the constant buzz in the rows reserved for the Russians, where interpreters keep up a running account of the screen conversation. The Yanks are also accustomed now to the heavy scents the Russians spray on themselves—a respectable manly habit in their homeland.

At Nome the Russian officers share the same quarters, day room and chow with enlisted men, but at Ladd Field, Alaska's most built-up post, the usual U. S. officer-EM relationship prevails for the Russians, too.

Between flights and while sweating out the weather, the Russians at Ladd amuse themselves in their own clubroom. They spend hours around the pool tables and chessboards and sometimes listen speculatively to American swing records. They like to look at the GIs' pictures of Betty Grable, although they haven't started any pin-up collections of their own. But like any GI, they'll flash snapshots of their wives and families at the drop of a hat; some of the Russians haven't seen their relatives since the 1941 German invasion.

The Russians are besieged by short-snorter hounds who want *ruble* bills to collect signatures on. Pfc. Frank Nigro, a former Fairbanks hotel clerk who manages the Russian clubroom, once offered a Russian some American money in exchange for some *rubles* he wanted as souvenirs. "Oh, no," said the Russian, handing him the *rubles*. "I don't need this. This is some money I saved and had left over."

In the Ladd BOQ where most of the Soviet pilots eat, Sgt. Frank T. Bondy, the mess sergeant, has discovered that his standard menus are pretty much okay with the Russians, who prefer salty foods, lots of soup and very little sweet stuff.

Although classes in Russian and English are conducted several nights a week, the language difficulty is still a handicap sometimes.

Capt. E. B. Gentry, Ladd Field engineering officer who used to be a CAA inspector in Alaska, has to deal directly with the Russians on all technical discussions. Russian mechanics, the captain has learned, are extremely careful workmen who accept the view of their superiors that all mistakes are punishable, no matter how honest the error. Capt. Gentry soon found there is no single expression in Russian to correspond to our word "trouble." Now he knows something is amiss when a Russian stalks into his office muttering: *"Trubbuls, trubbuls, trubbuls."*

The Russians have a broad sense of humor, but on some matters they bristle. Once a Russian fighter pilot stormed into Lt. Col. Riley J. Sipe, operations officer. Some American, he said, had chalked the name *Pistol Packin' Mama* across the nose of his ship. The pilot had called one of the Russian women interpreters, and the only sense she could make of the name was something obscene. The Russian refused to get into the ship until the name was washed off.

THE frugal habits of the Russian mechanics still amaze GIs. T/Sgt. Gerald J. Lambert, a former Los Angeles (Calif.) salesman, was among the mechanics who worked with the first bunch of Russians. "I used to watch 'em," he says, "when they were cleaning off the engines. They'd wipe the oil off with gasoline. Then they'd catch all the gas drippings in a can so they could use them again."

M/Sgt. Paul F. Mooney of San Antonio, Tex., a line chief at Ladd Field, thinks there are no more energetic people in the world than the Russians. "They want the war over even more than we do," he says, "and I've never seen anyone put out more work over longer hours."

Last winter a P-39 blew a tire at the end of the runway. Mooney and two or three other GIs rolled out an entire new wheel assembly. While the temperature stood at 25 degrees below zero, Mooney and the boys changed the wheel. And while they were changing it, the plane was held in balance at the wings by five Russians—three majors and two captains.

Capt. Roman P. Pokrovsky with Red Star insignia.

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Branch Office, Information & Education Division, War Department, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on the editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U. S. A.

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Marauder Magic

It was a case of "now you see them, now you don't" when the U. S. raiders in Jap-held Burma opened their bag of tricks.

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

BEHIND JAP LINES IN NORTHERN BURMA—There's been plenty of hocus-pocus in this jungle war ever since Merrill's Marauders first popped up here.

The magic show started within a week of the Marauders' arrival in Burma. The night before their first sneak around Jap strongpoints, a Jap reconnaissance plane droned over the Marauders' bivouac area. Before they could stamp out all their campfires, the plane had spotted the position.

Next morning, when the Marauders pulled out, Brig. Gen. Frank D. Merrill ordered a few men to stay behind. For several nights they lit campfires in the original bivouac area. And each night the Jap plane returned to circle the area again, its pilot apparently satisfying himself that whoever was camped there hadn't moved.

Meanwhile the main body of Marauders marched steadily into enemy territory over little-used native trails, lighting no fires or even cigarettes after dark. When they finally bumped into startled enemy outposts, they were well behind Jap lines.

The Marauders opened their bag of tricks again during an eight-day battle on a hill named Nhpum Ga. One night a Marauder unit set up part of its perimeter only a stone's throw from camouflaged Jap machine-gun positions. Anxious to check on the location of these emplacements, but not wanting to risk men prowling around in the darkness, the Marauders shoved a pack mule out in front of the perimeter and started him walking toward the Japs.

As the animal rustled through the jungle underbrush, the Japs figured it was a patrol and opened up with their machine guns, thereby revealing their positions. Next morning the Marauders outflanked the Jap pocket and wiped it out.

The Japs sent dogs ahead to trip booby-trap wires.

They found the mule lying dead a few feet from one of the machine guns, its hind quarters neatly butchered. The hungry Japs, cut off from supplies, had eaten Missouri mule steak before dying for the Emperor.

Speaking of animals, the Japs thought up a slick way to guard themselves against Marauder booby traps along the narrow jungle trails. They sent dogs down the trails ahead of their patrols to trip the booby-trap wires. But a Marauder pioneer and demolition platoon countered this move by rigging up the traps in relays. After that, when a Jap dog romped down a trail a dozen yards or so in front of a patrol and tripped a booby-trap wire, nothing happened to the dog, but traps exploded at intervals all the way back down the trail, killing or wounding some of the enemy. Even after the Japs discovered this trick, there was little they could do about it; they had to stick to jungle trails or risk getting lost.

The Marauders smoked tell-tale cigarettes, talked in loud voices and jiggled the mule saddles.

The old power of suggestion helped beat the Japs at another stage of the campaign. For several days the Marauders had been trying to break through a pocket of Japs dug in strongly on a razor-backed ridge along the only trail in the area. The steep sides of the ridge made outflanking next to impossible. The only way to get through was by frontal attack, and this was costing the Marauders a number of casualties. They pounded away with mortars, raked the ridge with machine guns and BARs, and staged one attack after another. But the going was painfully slow—a few yards a day.

One night the Marauders decided to try another method. A few men and mules set out on the trail leading up to Marauder forward positions from the rear. The men smoked tell-tale cigarettes, talked in loud voices and jiggled the mule saddles to make plenty of noise. Each time they reached the front, the men doused their cigarettes, turned around and silently withdrew to their starting points. Then they began all over again, keeping it up for three hours.

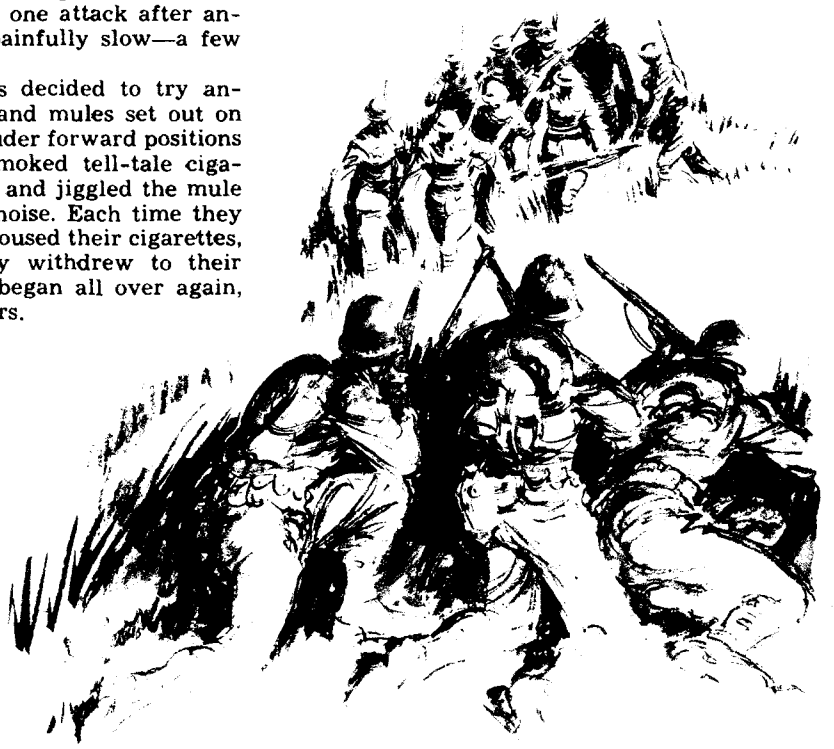
When the Marauders attacked the ridge again the next day, they pushed through easily. Only a couple of Japs were still there; the rest had pulled out. They had been fooled into thinking that all the noise and movement of the night before were reinforcements for a big attack.

One of the most valuable tricks in the Marauder repertoire was a variation of the Statue of Liberty play in football. It was used in attacking a series of Jap strongpoints on high ground. The CP long-range radio called for air support to soften up the Jap hill positions. Soon some P-40s came roaring over. Directed by air-ground radio, they went to work on the Japs, dive-bombing and strafing enemy emplacements on the crest of the hill. After each pass they zoomed up, circled around and attacked again.

The Japs scrambled down the back of the hill and huddled there for protection while the bombs and tracers chewed up their positions. But as soon as the planes finished their dives and roared away, the Japs crawled right back up the hill again and resisted the Marauder advance as stubbornly as before. This went on for several days, with the Japs defending one hill after another in the same way against air and ground attack. All that beautiful air support didn't seem to help much.

Then a Marauder officer suggested the Statue of Liberty play. He radioed the planes to make a few fake passes after they had completed their regular bombing and strafing runs. The pilots dived their ships at the emplacements just as though they were going to let loose with 500-pound bombs or .50-caliber slugs, but they pulled out without doing a thing except scare hell out of the Japs.

As soon as the planes began these passes, the forward Marauder platoon rushed up the hill and climbed into the vacated Jap positions. When the dummy passes ended and the planes went away, the fun began. Up the hill came the unsuspecting Japs to reoccupy their positions. The Marauders cut them down with automatic-weapons fire.



Up the hill came the unsuspecting Japs to reoccupy their old positions.

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"YOU'RE A LONG WAY FROM BERLIN," BOASTS A COCKY MASTER SERGEANT CAPTURED IN ITALY

By Sgt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—The division PW stockade was located two miles behind the lines in a stable. There were more than 200 prisoners in the stockade, studiously picking lice out of their clothes. Several MPs, with bored looks on their faces, were guarding them. Every now and then a prisoner would move too close to the stable door, and one of the guards would nudge him back with the end of his tommy gun. It was midmorning and the sun was comfortable. Most of the Jerries had taken off their shirts and were attempting to get a tan.

I had come to the stockade to try to find an answer to the question: "What is going through the mind of the Nazi today? What is the proud killer, the superman we used to see marching so cockily through the newsreels, thinking right now?"

The best man to answer this question, I figured, was a German prisoner himself. And I might get some help, too, from the PW interrogators. The team of interrogators at this stockade had two rooms on the second floor of the stable.

There were three men in the team—one officer and two enlisted men—and they were busy questioning prisoners, but they took a five-minute break for a smoke while I told them what I wanted. The officer introduced himself as Lt. W. J. Lehmann, a New Rochelle (N. Y.) lawyer. The GIs were Pvt. Fred Walk of New York, N. Y., and Pvt. Richard B. Frowmm, who used to sell real estate in Long Island, N. Y.

At first the lieutenant didn't seem to understand what I wanted. He began to talk in a bored voice, explaining the job of a PW interrogator. It sounded like a high-school recitation.

"First we screen them," the lieutenant said, "that is, we separate them according to divisions, battalions, companies and platoons. Then we begin our personal investigation, little of which we are able to tell reporters about. Then——."

"Beg pardon, sir," interrupted Walk. He was a short, well-built kid with a pleasant face except for eyes that were cold and impersonal. "I don't think that is exactly what the sergeant wants," he said. "You mainly want to know something about the typical Nazi soldier's mind today, don't you?" I said I did.

For the first time the lieutenant seemed to be interested. "That isn't the type of thing we ask these prisoners," he said. "But when you talk to so many of them, you're bound to notice things. It would be much better if you saw a fresh prisoner. Of course you won't be able to ask him any questions, but we know the sort of thing you want."

"We have a prisoner in the other room right now who fits the type to a T," Walk said.

"You're right," the lieutenant said. "He's a very interesting guy and he comes from Walk's neighborhood in Essen. Pvt. Walk got out of Germany in 1939 and will be ideal to ask the questions."

Walk and I went out into the hallway to the other room. "There are a few things I'd like to mention before we go in there," he said. "Let me do all the talking, and act as disinterested as possible until he starts to brag—and his type always does. When he starts bragging, pretend to be very interested—even if you're not. There's a little bit of the missionary in all Nazis, and when they think they are impressing anybody, they really begin to loosen up."

AN MP answered Walk's knock on the door. He was a tall joe with a tommy gun in one hand and a comic book under his arm. The room was small and filled with hay. In one corner on a stool sat the prisoner.

The German was blond and blue-eyed. He had a thin red scar on his right cheek. He held his cap in his hands, methodically folding it into layers and then flattening it out on his lap. His look was not one of interest or apathy; it was more of tolerance.

When Walk came closer, the prisoner recognized him, smiled and said something in German.

"He just said 'hello'," Walk explained. "This morning when I was interrogating him he wanted to know how I knew German. I told him I had gone to school in Germany. I always tell them that."

"I won't go into my life history," Walk added. "It probably wouldn't interest you, and anyhow it is too unpleasant. But for the benefit of your story, you probably should know this much:

"I lived in Germany all my life until 1939, when I was forced to leave because I didn't exactly like what was happening. I studied engineering at a school in New York until the war broke out and then I enlisted. I came overseas with an Infantry outfit and fought with it until I was hit at Venafro. When I got out of the hospital, I was reclassified. I requested this job and was lucky enough to get it.

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"Though I came from this guy's neighborhood, I don't remember him personally. The part of Essen we come from is pretty crowded. But I probably have seen him many times, especially when the Hitler Youth kids paraded down our street. He was one of them. He is an ideal type for you to see. He is an *Oberfeldwebel*, equivalent to a master sergeant in our army. He is a platoon leader in an *SS* divisional company and was caught early this morning when our Infantry cut off his platoon. Most of his men gave up, but he and another Jerry kept shooting until they ran out of ammunition.

"Here is his history up to date: At 15 he was studying to be an engineer but he quit it to join the Hitler Youth Movement. That was in 1932; in other words, he is one of the original admirers. He has been in the Regular Army 7½ years. He has fought in France, Crete, Russia, Norway and Italy. He has been wounded seven times. Two of his wounds were fairly serious—both of them bayonet wounds and both of them received in Russia. He does not like to talk about his experiences in Russia.

"That is all of his history we have. Oh, there is one more thing. When I began to interview him this morning he was very disturbed. Finally he asked me if there were many Jews in the American Army, and when I said there were he didn't seem to like the idea."

Walk sat down next to the prisoner. I made myself comfortable on a stack of hay, while the MP—his tommy gun straddling his legs—sat in front of the door and began to read the comic book. Walk offered the prisoner a cigarette, and the prisoner refused. Walk began interviewing him, asking a question and then translating the answer into English. This procedure he followed through the entire questioning.

Q. When was the last time you were home on furlough?

A. In the middle of April.

Q. Is there much left of Essen?

A. Essen is flat.

Q. Then where did you stay?

A. I stayed in a camp outside the city, with my wife and child.

Q. What did your wife have to say about the bombings?

A. Not much.

Q. How do the people take the bombings?

A. They don't care one way or the other any more.

Q. How did you feel when you saw Essen bombed flat?

A. Pretty bad. But this is war and I have seen many bombed cities.

Q. Do you know about the invasion?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you believe it?

A. Yes.

Q. How much do you know about it?

A. I know that you have captured Cherbourg.

Q. What do you think about that?

A. We were told by the High Command that it was coming.

Q. Were you also told that the invasion would be successful?

A. The High Command told us that they would let you get so far in and then they will push you back into the ocean.

Q. Do you believe that?

A. Yes.

Q. Suppose you don't push us back into the sea. Then what?

A. You are a long way from Berlin.

WALK threw a piece of stick he had been playing with out the window and turned to me. He was a little mad. "This type," he said, "the typical Hitler fanatic, gets on your nerves. He won't admit a damned thing and he is always cocky. Most prisoners—the ordinary Germans and the Russians and Poles forced to fight—they not only will tell you they are licked but will even tell you the date it will be over. But not this baby. For 15 years he hasn't admitted a thing, and it is pretty hard to break the habit."

Walk turned to the prisoner once more and resumed the questioning.

Q. What do you think of the American infantryman?

A. He is much better than he used to be. But it is his planes and artillery that bother us. There is too much of it—and those dive bombers. They come right down on us. They are not afraid of our antiaircraft.

Q. With what you have just said, plus the invasion, plus what the Russians are doing to you—do you still think you can win this war?

A. It isn't over yet.

Q. You haven't answered my question. Do you still think you can win this war?

A. I repeat, it isn't over yet. (The prisoner's voice was very loud. "That is as close," Walk said to me, "as you will ever get to an answer on that question from this type.")

Plenty of Nazi soldiers like these have been captured in Italy, but they're not convinced the war is lost.

AT this point the prisoner put a question of his own. "Why did you Americans get into this thing, anyhow?" he asked.

"Because we didn't like the idea of fascism," Walk answered.

The prisoner shrugged his shoulders. "You will find Bolshevism much worse," he said.

"What do you mean by that?" Walk asked.

"I mean that you should be fighting Russia instead of us. They are the real enemy. If we had your production and our super-army we could have beaten them and the rest of the world," the prisoner said.

"They all give you that line," Walk told me. "And they really are offended when you can't see it their way. There is no sense talking with them on the subject. You'll never get anywhere and you won't learn anything. They just repeat the standardized phrases and get madder and madder when you won't take them as the gospel truth."

Q. What do you think is going to happen to you? (You could see the prisoner didn't like that question.)

A. I don't know.

Q. Would you believe it if I told you that you would be taken to the States? That you would sleep in regular Army barracks, as good as any that an American soldier sleeps in? That you would be clothed, fed and be given the privileges of working and getting paid for it?

A. No.

Q. Well, you will.

A. I won't believe it till I see it.

Q. If Germany should happen to lose the war, and you were returned to your country, what would you do?

A. I don't know. Probably study engineering.

Q. You started to study engineering once and gave it up for the Hitler Youth Movement. Do you think you might give it up for some other movement this time?

A. I might.

Q. Why did you join the Hitler Youth Movement in 1932?

A. Because I believed in it.

Q. Do you still believe in it?

A. Yes.

THE prisoner pulled out a battered pack of cigarettes. There were only four left in the pack but he politely offered us each one. We both politely refused. He lit one and stared at us.

Walk got up from the hay pile. The MP stood up and put the comic book back into his pocket. Walk and I left the room.

When we were outside the stable, Walk turned to me. "Well, there he is," he said. "I hope I asked the right questions. There are a lot more I could have asked him but it wouldn't be any use. Either he'd spout phrases at us or he would flatly refuse to answer. For instance, his type won't talk about the Jews or Nazi atrocities in Poland and Russia.

"You know, it makes me very sad to see people make fun of the Nazi. Take the cartoons and stories that poke fun at him. It isn't right. This guy isn't funny. You don't think he is very funny when you go to a Graves Registration Unit collecting point and look at some of the comic stiffs these Nazis have made out of American kids. But very few people get to see GRU collecting points.

"And now that the score is heavy on our side, we shouldn't think of this war as the end of a ball game where you go over and shake hands with the loser. The man you just saw was a criminal long before he was a soldier—and very few people saw anything funny in Dillinger or Capone. Given a chance, this baby will do the same thing over again. He is a dangerous fanatic and there are 12 million more like him in Germany. Just because we see a few dead Nazi soldiers, we shouldn't get the idea they are all gone. I hope we remember that."

Walk accompanied me to the jeep. I asked him if there was any danger in my using his right name in the story. "You can use it," he said. "They can't hurt anyone I know. There isn't anyone left."

When I left the stockade, the sun had set. Most of the prisoners had put their shirts back on. They sat placidly, picking off lice.

This Week's Cover

THIS knocked-out German self-propelled heavy howitzer serves as a playground for these Italian kids, photographed near the fighting front by YANK's Sgt. George Aarons. For more pictures of children in wartime in other *military theaters from China* to France, turn to the center spread on pages 12-13.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. George Aarons. 2—Center left, PA; all others, Sgt. Georg N. Meyers. 3—AAF. 4—Sgt. Meyers. 6 & 7—Sgt. Aarons. 9—PA. 10—Upper, PA; lower, INP. 11—Sgt. Eugene C. Ford. 12—Upper left, Sgt. Pete Paris; upper right, Acme; center left, INP; lower left, AAF; lower center, Sgt. Robert W. McGregor; lower right, U. S. Army Air Corps. 13—Upper left, Sgt. John Bushemi; upper right, Ninth AAF; center left & lower right, Signal Corps; lower left, Sgt. Dave Richardson. 17—Signal Corps. 18—Upper, Sgt. Ben Schnall; lower left, PRO, PW Camp, Clarinda, Iowa. 19—Upper right, Signal Corps; lower left, Acme; lower right, AAF Central Training Command, Eagle Pass AAF, Tex. 20—Universal. 22 & 23—Center left, USMC; lower left, AAF; all others, Mason Pawlak PhoMlc.

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The Ghost of Guam

Hunted day and night by Jap patrols, this Navy radioman sweated out 31 months as a fugitive on the enemy island.

By Cpl. TOM O'BRIEN
YANK Staff Correspondent

PEARL HARBOR, HAWAII [By Cable]—George Ray Tweed RM1c liked Guam the first day he set foot on it, back in August 1939. A man couldn't ask for a better set-up, he thought.

Agana, Guam's capital, could easily stand up to any small city on the mainland; it had stores, theaters, automobiles, macadam roads. Tweed had a modern house with refrigeration, electricity, telephone and all the conveniences.

And best of all, the Navy radioman had his wife and 4-year-old stepson Ronald Eugene with him. That made it a lot easier to be 5,000 miles from home in Portland, Oreg.; anyway the Clipper brought mail less than a week old so it never seemed that far.

A son Robert Edward was born on Jan. 11, 1941—far from the continental U. S. but still on American soil. Ronald was thriving on the good food and sunshine. And Tweed, who had spent 19 of his 39 years in the Navy, found security for his family within grasp at last; he had taken an examination for a chief's rating and expected to make the grade.

But if Guam was a paradise, it was a perilous one. A typhoon struck the island with 100-mph force, leaving devastation in its wake. And another, deadlier storm was brewing.

In October 1941 the families of servicemen and diplomatic personnel were evacuated to the States by government order. Tweed kissed his wife and the children good-bye and watched the ship disappear over the horizon. Guam no longer felt the same.

The island was ill prepared. Until 1937 a treaty had kept it unfortified, and only in 1941 did Congress vote funds to strengthen it.

"I went about the daily routine," he says, "but I sensed that war was imminent. About 0500 on the morning of Dec. 8 (Dec. 7, U. S. time), I was awakened at home and told to report to the communications office right away. The Japs had bombed Pearl Harbor and Manila.

"Four hours later, 0900, the first Jap planes came over Guam from the north. They proceeded directly to Sumay in Apra Harbor where they bombed the Standard Oil tanks and strafed the barracks of civilian workers for the construction company. They also attacked Cabras Island in the harbor, where 200 marines were garrisoned.

"That first raid knocked out the telephone lines, and I was sent up that afternoon to a hill with a portable radio to maintain communication with Government House. While I was on the hill, the Japs came over a second time and bombed and strafed for an hour and 20 minutes. No bomb struck any target, no buildings were hit and none of the personnel who had left the buildings was wounded. Only one bomb was dropped on Agana itself. When I returned to town at 1430, I learned it was a direct hit on my own house.

"The second day was practically a repetition of the first, except that the hospital was machine-gunned and one more house bombed. Another bomb dropped in the Government House area but did no damage. Practically our only defense was machine guns, which merely kept the Jap planes at a higher altitude.

"Before dark on the evening of the second day, ships were sighted on the horizon—Jap landing forces. I stayed at the communications office at Government House until midnight and then went home to the wreckage of my house. I dragged the bed from the shattered bedroom to where some of the roof remained. Then I went to sleep.

"The Japs made a landing about midnight or

FROM A CLIFF FACING THE SEA, TWEED SAW THE PRISON SHIP SAIL. HAD HE BEEN A FOOL NOT TO GIVE UP?

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early in the morning of Dec. 10. I was awakened about 0200 by machine-gun and rifle fire coming from the direction of town, but I'd been up so late and was so tired I was foggy. I didn't realize what it was. I thought it was our men practicing. I swore at them and went back to sleep."

Two hours later, field artillery boomed from the same direction, and this time Tweed realized with a start what had happened; the Americans had no big guns. He dressed and hurried to Government House. Here he learned that an estimated 8,000 Japs had overwhelmed stubborn resistance by the marines on Cabras Island.

The invaders had landed and were advancing toward the town. They had set fire to native dwellings on the outskirts and now were using this illumination to direct artillery fire on the American installations.

"I was at the Governor's Palace with a dozen Navy men," Tweed says, "and about the same number of insular forces as well as the governor and most of his officers. This was about daybreak of the third day. I learned that the garrison would have to surrender.

"I wondered what to do. I could surrender or take to the bush. I decided on the bush. I knew from my two years on Guam that the jungle was thick and a man had to cut his way through with a machete, but I figured I could go it for a week or more. By that time I expected the American fleet would come and take back Guam."

TWEED grabbed some canned food, climbed into his old car, a 1926 model, and started to make a run for it with another seaman who had joined him. As they swung around a corner into Agana's main street, a Jap machine gun opened fire on the car. Both of the Navy men ducked and the car roared through the street, heading southeast of town. Eleven miles away was Mt. Reconnaissance, towering 1,125 feet above the sea. It was a logical hide-out if they could make it.

A Jap machine-gun emplacement blocked the way near the mountain slope. Tweed drove as far as he dared, then ran the car off the road and struck out on foot with his companion through the bush in search of a place to hide.

As the days went by, Tweed and the sailor cut deeper and deeper into the jungle. Soon they were joined by three other Navy enlisted men. From Chamorro natives, Tweed and the others learned that American prisoners were being kept in the Agana church for 30 days. During that time any Americans hiding in the bush who voluntarily came in and surrendered would be placed with the other prisoners. The Japs warned, however, that any Americans found on Guam after the surrendered Yanks had been shipped out would be killed.

"We ate the food we had," Tweed says, "and kept out of sight. On Sept. 12, 1942, the Japs grabbed two of our group. The next month they located two more and killed them Oct. 22. After that I was entirely on my own.

"The Japanese were frantically searching for me personally. They knew I was a radio-material man and were afraid I would build a transmitter to communicate with the Americans. They offered a reward for my capture—about 1,000 *yen* ($120), twice the other rewards. Several times

GEORGE TWEED WITH HIS NEW CHIEF'S ANCHOR.

they learned [illegible] I was hiding, but each time I managed to escape.

Natives gave Tweed refuge in isolated, rugged portions of their ranches on the island. They helped feed the radioman and warned him of the approach of Jap hunting parties. Once he fled from one of his "homes" only a few steps ahead of the Japs coming up a path.

Tweed kept moving, changing his hiding place frequently, living in ravines, scaling mountains, moving higher and higher until at last he reached a high cliff facing the sea. It was such a barren rock he didn't believe the Japs ever would look there. From this vantage point he had a view of the harbor and could see Jap planes fly off. Days passed into weeks and fearfully Tweed observed more Jap ships and more Jap planes. Was there any chance of rescue?

Tweed watched the prison ship steam out of Apra Bay and wondered whether he had been a fool not to surrender. He had lived a whole month off the land. It wasn't hard with Guam's abundance of coconuts and fruits and the miraculous water that gushed from the *guiji* vine. But how long could he keep up?

Fifty-man Jap patrols were still searching for him and they seemed to have increased their vigilance since the prison ship had left. Prayer came easily now, but despair welled up as the months passed. "I gave up hope after the first year," Tweed says. "I felt I would be caught sooner or later, but I was determined to postpone that day as long as possible."

EARLY in 1944 Tweed realized that the Jap patrols had stepped up their search, and he soon learned why. Until March there had been only Imperial Navy men on Guam. Now Jap Army men were about to take over. "The Navy was afraid the Army might find me," he says, "so in April 1944—after the last frantic attempt to flush me out—they officially pronounced me dead to save face."

The problem was much simpler now—just keep out of sight.

On June 11, 1944, Tweed's heart leaped as American planes appeared on the horizon, swooped down along the coast and bombed Jap installations on Guam. Tweed shouted for joy. "I knew then that it would not be long," he says.

From that day, though he was still far from saved, Tweed was a happy man. He watched all the moves and noted gleefully when smoke rose from the port area after an American attack. He knew when we invaded Saipan.

"At the beginning," Tweed explains, "our planes came from the southeast. Then they started coming from the north. I figured the fleet was operating up there. Another thing, I saw Jap planes heavily loaded with bombs flying northward. Then I was pretty certain."

The American raids continued. Around dusk one day a plane flew low over his hide-out and Tweed in a frenzy tore off his shirt and waved it back and forth. The pilot merely waved back and blinked his tail lights. Tweed, disconsolate, returned to his hiding place.

A FEW days later, while the battle for Saipan was drawing to a close 100 miles away, an American warship showed up off Guam. Feverishly Tweed grabbed a mirror he had saved ever since his escape from Agana 31 months before. From his cave facing the sea, he signaled in Morse with the mirror and was rewarded by the sight of a small boat putting off to shore from the warship. The captain suspected Tweed was a Jap, but sent a small party ashore on the off-chance that he might be an American. Tweed waded out to meet them. It was still 10 days before our forces invaded Guam.

"I got on board," Tweed says, "and was taken down to the officers' mess room where they gave me food. The first thing I reached for was a slice of bread and some butter. I'd dreamed about it."

The Navy radioman was dressed in Robinson Crusoe rags when he was rescued, and he was soon provided with new clothes. An admiral, learning that Tweed had taken examinations for a chief's rating just before Guam fell to the Japs, promoted him on the spot.

Tweed's hair had turned silver during the long ordeal and he had dropped from 170 pounds to 132, but the 5-foot-7-inch radioman looked in surprisingly good physical condition. His throat was infected and after 2½ years of almost complete silence, he found it difficult to begin talking.

Naturally enough, his first thoughts were about going home to Portland, where his mother lives, and to San Diego, Calif., where Mrs. Tweed and the children have been staying. The Navy is arranging for that, and giving him a little pocket money for the trip—$6,207 in back pay. Besides this, there will probably be plenty of lucrative offers from magazine, radio, movie and book-publishing agents who want to buy his story.

But Tweed has his own ideas about the future. "After the war is over and I retire from the Navy," he says, "I'd like to go back to Guam. I like the people and the climate, and I have a hunch I can cash in on something I learned in the Navy—radio.

"Yessir, I think I'll go back to Guam."

AS THE CAR TURNED A CORNER, A JAP MACHINE GUN OPENED UP. THEY DUCKED AND KEPT ON.

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When the Yank express started rolling, the night train to Berlin was derailed. This Nazi locomotive in Canisy, Brittany, looks like exhausted shaving brush after Allied air bombardment put it out of commission.

PARIS EXPRESS

On the causeway to Mont St. Michel, an American soldier chats with a French civilian. The tower, rising straight against the sky in the background, is one of the greatest ornaments of all medieval architecture.

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

ON THE ROAD TO ST. MALO [By Cable]—**Thursday.** We have managed to catch up with one of the fast-moving columns that have suddenly smashed through the German lines and changed the complexion of the war. The column stretches for miles along the road.

Bound for the head of the column, we pass the tank destroyers, the armored cars, the supply trucks. As our jeep moves along, we see soldiers asleep on supply trucks, grabbing a minute's nap.

Our driver, Pfc. Andrew M. Ciocco of Philadelphia, Pa., asks: "Did you ever notice all the different positions in which soldiers can sleep?" They seem able to sleep standing up, sitting down, or even leaning over the edge of a vehicle.

Reaching the head of the column, near the very point of the spearhead, we find the commanding officer and his staff having an informal conference right on the road. In the ditches men clutch their guns, and we all know that there are Germans watching us everywhere through this country, but the CO goes on with his conference.

The commander of the force is a clean-cut, well-built man with the hint of laughter in his face; he is very busy but he knows how to say something funny once in a while. Now the conference is over and we are in motion again.

Where are the Germans? And why isn't every single mile of wooded country defended, as it is in the grim fighting farther north in Normandy? There is something strange and insolent about this rate of movement. We are coming through, it says, and what are you going to do about it?

Along the road are French North African colonials wearing their bright red fezzes. They were captured by the Germans and forced to work as labor troops. Now they have been freed.

Miles fall behind us, but this ease of movement is unreal. The Germans will fight somewhere.

The column moves more slowly now. It is like a long insect with sensitive feelers, and those feelers have found trouble ahead. We finally come to a full stop.

On both sides are thick woods, and up ahead is an open space—a good, clear, open space for German machine guns and big guns to find us as we move up in a big cloud of dust. The CO thinks the Germans are going to fight here. There are evidences of fortified positions. He sends recon armored cars to flush the German strength.

We move our jeep up to Lt. Col. Fuller's battalion CP. We find him near an armored car, looking at a map. Other cars are standing in line along a dirt path in the woods. The cars are expected to move up both sides of the little town of Miniac ahead of us and "investigate"—a nice little job. We hear small-arms fire rattle through the neighboring woods. The cars begin to move.

MINUTES from now we are going to know exactly what the Germans have got, and we are finding out the hard way—by going in there. Sgt. Fred Kennedy of Pearl River, N. Y., leans out of his armored car and wants to know how the war is going in the other theaters. "What are the Russians doing?" he asks. "How are we doing in the Pacific? Why can't they get the papers up to us? Do you know that Helen Hayes, the actress, is running for Congress this year? She's from my neck of the woods—Nyack, N. Y." Kennedy talks about politics through the dust on his face and without mentioning the jump-off he's going to make any minute now.

Then Kennedy's car and all the other armored cars, with the names of American towns and American girl friends painted on them, move up through the thickness of the woods.

Near the CP in the woods a *Life* correspondent and a newsreel man are playing gin rummy with our jeep driver. Small-arms fire rattles around us. There are Germans in the woods; everyone is down low and combat engineers armed with rifles deploy right through the gin-rummy game.

Now 88s open up, scattering the cards and sending everyone down into the dead leaves and thorns and dirt, clawing the ground. You want to get down low and deep under that sound.

It stops. There is silence in the woods. Somewhere men have been killed and wounded by the shells. The gin-rummy game resumes.

The sound of 88s comes again, and this time they are right in our patch of woods. Now there is a man lying on the ground, receiving first aid for a shrapnel wound in his thigh. The whistling

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of shells is around our heads and there are bursts just off the road. When we stop, it is quiet again. In the ambulance near us there is a minor operation—a thumb is neatly snipped off a soldier's hand, and the rest of him, quite intact, is off to the hospital.

We talk to two pretty girls, refugees from St. Malo. The girls want to know when the big American express will pull into the town. There is no question in their minds about the invincibility of our arms; they just want to know our schedule. Everywhere you go now, the French are trying to figure out our timetable—to Brest, to St. Nazaire, to Paris—like somebody back home wondering if the suburban train is going to be on time or a little late.

Our particular section of the big express has a roadblock in front of it, in the form of an 88 and machine guns and some Tiger tanks. But tomorrow we should be in motion again.

We bivouac for the night two fields from the road, somewhere between our force and the other units pushing up. This is no-man's-land; there are no MPs here, no off-limits signs. We hear the droning of German planes seeking our movement. There is ack-ack in the sky and flares and the dull boom of German bombs, and afterward the renewed sound of tires on the roadway. The big express is moving through the night. Every half hour we hear the deep tolling of the church bells of France.

Friday. When our jeep gets out on the road again, we find ourselves in the midst of infantrymen, moving in two columns along both sides of the road, moving at a slow pace that is designed for the long pull. They have been walking since early morning. Their hand grenades jiggle along their chests, their packs bobble above their backsides and their feet clop steadily along.

Because roadblocks have developed on the road to St. Malo, the infantry is moving in. The big express needs more power and here it is.

We go past the infantry on toward Miniac, stopping a while at the regimental CP. Prisoners are being brought in, and there is the usual hunt for somebody who knows German or Polish. S/Sgt. Joseph Zupancic from Illinois translates for two young Poles. The prisoners have been placed, quite by accident, near a wasps' nest and the angry insects are holding up the interrogation.

We move on into Miniac, which could not be entered the afternoon before. The town is filled with sunlight, and on the faces of the French is the stunned, wondering look of people who are seeing our troops and armor for the first time.

The first Americans arrived only an hour before. Our tank destroyers are in the village square, and children sprawl under the legs of our soldiers. In the doorways stand middle-aged and old women, and everywhere old men shake your hand and offer you cognac. In the middle of it all, a lieutenant colonel with several young officers is figuring out his next move.

The tank destroyers start up again, cutting through the narrow streets toward St. Malo. We move our jeep on, too.

Now we are at an intersection; the north road points to St. Malo. A photographer remarks that it isn't a very good place to be—probably a perfect place for German artillery fire to land. The farmer whose house is on the corner comes out with a bottle of wine, telling us in loud French that he has been keeping the bottle hidden a long time. He has been waiting for us. Everybody knows about the big American express, and the farmer, his wife and daughter all inquire politely as to when it will get to St. Malo, Paris and Berlin.

We turn into the direct road to St. Malo and move up a few hundred yards. Tank destroyers are wheeling up the road. Some cavalry recon men—behind comparatively little armor and light self-propelled guns—are up ahead, trying to get across a swamp and outflank Chateauneuf. But now they are coming back.

They have gone through a withering and terrible fire and they have left friends in that swamp. They lie down in a field, ignoring the big German guns that roar every now and then. They lie there, asking for water but unable to drink because their throats are tight, and they try to tell you what has happened and they ask each other: "Has anyone seen Joe? No? I guess he got it, then."

The big train is moving fast through France but some of the parts—called soldiers—get worn out, just as some of them were worn out this morning in the swampland south of Chateauneuf.

The German big guns roar again and we go back to the intersection. The guns seem to follow us. The infantry has called for air support and now we see planes overhead.

In Miniac a woman asks us if we think her husband will be home in time for Christmas. He is a prisoner in Germany.

A colonel goes by, muttering over and over like somebody who has found a new faith: "All you need is doughboys. That's all."

All around us are the doughboys, the same ones we saw this morning, moving up, going slowly toward Chateauneuf and St. Malo.

Saturday. The big train is going ahead today. Here on the broad flat plain, the area before Chateauneuf, an artillery barrage is on—ours this time. Some of the German guns along the estuary may have been knocked out, but probably not all of them. At any rate the infantry is moving into Chateauneuf—moving at a half-trot through clouds of dust. When the German guns roar, the infantrymen get into the ditches. Then they get up and move again.

Two tank destroyers come wheeling back. One of them carries two infantrymen, all their clothes and large areas of their skin burned off by white phosphorous stuff the Germans are throwing.

A TD man gets down and walks around, kicking at the ground, and says: "How in hell do they expect us to move against those big guns? Why can't they knock those bastards out? Where's our planes?" He lights a cigarette and says: "I know they can replace us—we're only a dime a dozen—but this is too damn much."

Somewhere a voice yells "Let's go," and the TD man gets back onto the road and goes to work. He clears the road of a bad traffic jam, and the TDs turn again toward Chateauneuf.

The men who have been badly burned are placed in the grass. Though they must be in great pain, they lie there quietly, as if aware that many important things are taking place. Then the medics pick them up and take them off, and suddenly the war is past.

There is noise ahead of us, but here there is nothing at all—just our jeep and the four of us and the wide fields. Then a sniper bullet pings near us and we move off. We load our jeep with sandbags just in case.

On the concrete pavement near a cafe being used as a CP, some men are sleeping soundly in the sun. There is a young Spaniard at the cafe—a refugee since the Spanish war who is waiting to get back to St. Malo where his girl works in a restaurant. His plans are based on the timetable of our big military train. When the train has smashed through France, then he will marry his French girl and take her to Spain.

We try another dash and get up as far as a roadblock about 50 yards from the town's first house. The roadblock is made of rails standing upright, imbedded in concrete. Most of them have been torn out by the combat engineers but some of the remaining rails have jagged edges.

There are engineers working in the town, clearing booby traps, and some of the houses in front of us are still smoking from our own artillery barrage. Otherwise there is nobody in sight. It feels very lonely. One of the engineers waves to us. He is holding a gun on three prisoners. Our driver goes forward across the roadblock on foot, carrying a tommy gun, and brings back the prisoners. We mount them on our jeep hood and take them in to the PW collection point.

In the evening we enter Chateauneuf. It smokes, it is newly dead, and like men newly dead it is raw and broken. The bulldozers have not come in yet to carry off the breakage.

On the other edge of town the doughboy is still moving. It is an illusion that the doughboy moves slowly; he moves faster than anybody else; he is the military tortoise. These doughboys belong to the units that saw bitter action around Carentan against SS troops. Tonight they have given Chateauneuf back to the French.

They are out past Chateauneuf now, probing the ground ahead—at a price—and with no time at all to shake hands with the French. The big express moves on.

Sunday. It is only six miles to St. Malo now. At the regimental CP, Capt. Milton Berger, a dentist, promises he'll look at my teeth when we get to St. Malo. I ask him what kind of dentistry he's prepared to practice in an advanced CP, and he just laughs.

Then the 88s come in and we get down into ditches and lie flat on the ground. The 88s stop and our own artillery starts up. One of the boys in the regimental mess says: "I'm getting down now. They'll give us a receipt in a minute."

Sure enough, the "receipt" comes in through the summer sky, and the kid from the mess sits up at last and says: "I can't get used to it, no matter how hard I try. Every time I hear it, it gets me the same way. A foxhole is no good either. When I lie in a foxhole, I feel half dead already—as if it's a grave. But when I'm not in one, I feel worse. I don't know what to do."

We go back through Chateauneuf, Miniac, Pleine Fougeres, Epiniac. At Pleine Fougeres there is a pretty girl who stands by the side of the road near her house and watches the U.S. Army pass by. Her mother made us breakfast on two different mornings and today, as we go past, we stop and give her canned sardines and other delicacies taken from the headquarters of the German commander in Chateauneuf.

Because the American break-through was somewhat unexpected, the celebrating hadn't quite caught on in this region when we passed through three days ago. Today is Sunday and a few miles up there is the dying, the cursing, the hard living that are a part of war, but here behind the front the sense of liberation is quickening. Today girls along the roads are wearing their best dresses, and many of the girls are lovely. The old men wear their black suits, and the veterans of the last war stump along proudly. All along this road down to Pontorson, wherever the American express has passed, life is quickening. The French everywhere in this region today have a warm feeling for the Americans—a feeling that it would be nice to believe will last. This part of France is free now, and the big train is still rolling.

A Sherman tank bogs down in the Yank forward drive. Heavy rains softened the road shoulders and the bulky M4s crushed through. Tank retrievers followed behind to pull them out and put them back in service.

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AFRICA A QUARTET OF FRENCH CHILDREN IN ALGERIA GET CHEWING GUM FROM A GI ON THE ARMY RAILROAD.

FRANCE DOUGHFOOT DOES DOUBLE DUTY, PUTTING DOWN HIS GUN TO PLAY NURSEMAID TO A FRENCH BABY.

SAIPAN THIS JAP YOUNGSTER, LEFT BEHIND WHEN HIROHITO'S ARMY FE BACK, IS TOO YOUNG TO BELIEVE THAT ALL YANKS ARE DEVI

No matter where he goes overseas, GI Joe discovers that the kids are never far away. Here are a few of his young foreign friends.

NDIA A TAILORED TOT GIVES WITH SOME YANKEE DOODLE DANDY.

CHINA THIS TRIM SOLDIER PLAYS TO A JUVENILE GALLERY BOTH LARGE AND APPRECIATIVE.

PANAMA AN ACHING INDIAN BO GETS A YANK FROM A YAN

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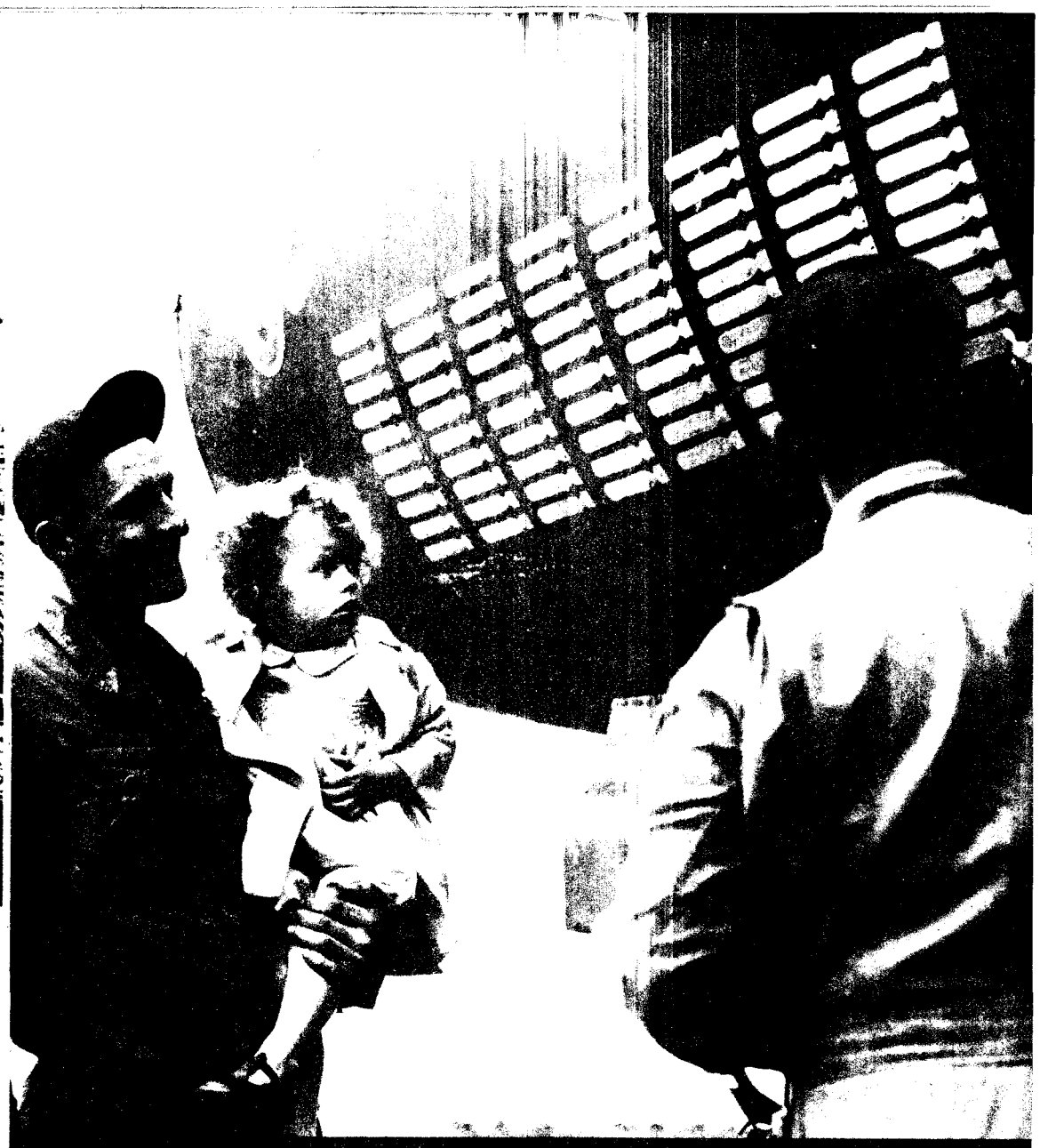
ENIWETOK MARSHALL ISLANDERS INTRODUCE THEIR KIDS TO YANKS.



ENGLAND THIS ENGLISH MISS INSPECTS THE PLANE THAT BEARS HER NAME. HER B BROTHER WAS NAMED MARTIN AFTER THE MAKERS OF B-26 MARAUD

ICELAND THIS YOUTHFUL NEWSBOY HAS ADOPTED THE AMERICAN HITCHHIKING HABIT.

BURMA A YOUNG KACHEN SCOUT LOOKS OVER JUNGLE EQUIPMENT OF A U. S. RAIDER.

ITALY THIS BAMBINO WATCHES WITH INTEREST AND APPREHENSION AS A YANK PARATROOP ATTACKS THE VERY DELICATE PROBLEM OF WASHING HER FEET IN AN ISSUE HELM

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MAIL CALL

Germans and Japs

Dear YANK:

Twice in a lifetime the Germans have proved themselves incapable of controlling their government to maintain friendly relations with other nations. Whether this mismanagement comes from within or without is not important. What is important is that Germany is fertile ground for the seeds of war. Germany should not be restored to her former state.

Merely dividing Germany up into a number of small states will not solve the problem. What is needed is an over-all governing body for all of Europe. Representatives from each nation in Europe should have a say in the control of a defeated Germany and the other countries of Europe. Such a plan, guided by the recognized democracies, would have a chance of ending European chaos.

As far as the Japs are concerned, I believe the world can do very well without them. There is not one thing Japan has given to the world except trouble. Whatever talents she possesses are imitative and not creative.

Japan should be turned over to the Chinese. They will know what to do with her.

England —T-5 SIDNEY E. PORCELAIN

Dear YANK:

. . . Any half measures would turn Germany and Japan into fertile ground for World War III. It is only possible to promote a war when the people of a nation are dissatisfied with their lot to such a degree as to take the punishment which total war brings.

Only with a true Christian attitude in dealing with the conquered countries as well as the rest of the world can we hope to establish a world brotherhood in which no country would further its interests at the expense of others.

France —Pvt. MARTIN SUESS

Dear YANK:

. . . The German race does not and never will understand the live-and-let-live policy. The milk of human kindness soured in them in the Dark Ages, and the only law they respect and obey is the rule of "might makes right." It would be best for the rest of the world if we allowed Russia, Poland and the Czechs to decide Germany's future.

England —Pvt. LOUIS C. GAERIG JR.

Dear YANK:

. . . Under Allied supervision and guidance, leading Germans who have always stood for democracy or have fought against the Nazi regime should be placed at the helm of a government dedicated to the abolition of Nazi and Junker doctrines and the reeducation of the people towards democratic and peaceful principles. . . . When the nation's industry is ready to run we should help oil it, for an economically prostrate nation cannot be cooperative. . . .

After the Japanese have been thoroughly subdued and retribution has been paid, the greater part of the Anglo-American forces should withdraw, leaving the Chinese in the role of the occupation army and teachers. First, the Japanese would be more readily influenced by members of their own race toward becoming a peaceful nation. . . . Second, such a move would gain the respect of Asiatic peoples by affirming that this war was not one of white supremacy or counterimperialism. . . .

We must not make the mistake of attempting to subdue German or Japanese nationalism, for that would be creating another powder keg. Economically they should both be aided in attaining a decent standard of living. . . . We should be patient and helpful in setting these nations on the right track, but before their eyes we should swing the proverbial big stick to quash any attempt at future militarism.

England —Pvt. HENRY FELDMAN

A Fair Break

Dear YANK:

. . . I'm 37 years old and will have four years in the Army by the time I get turned loose. I'll have saved enough dough to pay off a small balance on a loan I took a year ago—no more. . . . I'll come home on E Day and find my place in ruins and the ground grown up in brush. My neighbors will have their places paid for and in good repair and a wad in the bank besides. They earned big money while I got my $21, $36, $40, then finally $60. . . .

We don't want a "wad of dough" just to make us feel good. We want a fair break with the men that fought on the production lines at home. . . . I say give us $150 a month including what we drew while in service. When a guy got $21 give him $129 for those months and so on down as his pay went up. . . . The idea isn't to reward us. Too many can't be rewarded. But give us a fair break so we can start on an equal basis with the guys that stayed home and made the dough.

Hawaii —Pvt. FRED W. FRITZ

No White Women

Dear YANK:

Sixty percent of the men in the organization have been overseas for 36 months and for the past 15 plus we have not seen a white woman. After much discussion we have decided that this is a record. Can any other organization beat it?

Bougainville —Pfc. JAKE OWENS

Pay Raise

Dear YANK:

Are the new $5 and $10 pay raises for expert infantrymen supposed to be the attained goal that Ernie Pyle has fought for so long and so well? Is this supposed to make us feel that at last our true worth in battle has been recognized and that we are now being paid on an equal scale with flying men of the Air Corps and jumping men of the Paratroops? Is this the "fight pay" we have heard about?

If fight pay is coming to us, make it worthwhile or else forget the matter. Do not embarrass us with a pittance.

Somewhere Overseas —1st Lt. RAY C. INDERMILL*

*Also signed by 1st Lts. William E. Hintz and John Iko and 2d Lts. Richard E. Klein and Alfred O. LaBrec.

Term of Office

Dear YANK:

Some of the boys in our outfit have been arguing about what will happen if a person other than our present President is elected in November. What they want to know is—will he take office on the duly appointed day or will the present President remain in office until this war is declared over? Some of the men contend that as long as the President is Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy he must remain in office. Others state that the Constitution makes no provision for such an event.

New Guinea —Pvt. RALPH B. NORTH

Dear YANK:

. . . If Dewey is elected will he take office during time of war?

Iran —Sgt. MATTHEW E. BREEDEN*

*Also signed by Pvt. Paul I. Blackson.

■ The newly elected President will take office on Jan. 20, 1945, whether the United States is still at war or not.

Overseas Censorship

Dear YANK:

I am an American Negro with three years in the Army; and, if it makes me any more a soldier, there is not a blemish on my service record. Griping is not my job, but right now I am really angry.

. . . I have written letters back home in which I have told about the lack of racial segregation in England and the freedom which the colored soldier enjoys here. For this, I was called up to battalion headquarters, taken out to a mess tent where none of the colored battalion personnel could hear and asked by the battalion executive and my battery commander why I insisted on flaunting in the officers' faces (through mail) the fact that the colored man enjoys much more equality in England than he does in the Southern States.

My answer was that there was no intent to flaunt anything in anyone's face. I write to tell my people back home things of interest, and so far as I am concerned (and I understand postal regulations will bear me out) the censor is an impersonal machine whose only function it is to pick out information of value to the enemy. The officers agreed that what was contained in my letters was of no harm militarily. . . .

Since then I have received letters from my parents (who have five other sons in service) and my friends stating that not one of my letters has arrived without something cut out and asking why I don't tell them about the English people. . . .

Mail is supposed to be morale-building, but this sort of nonsense only makes the people back home more miserable and the men here prone to feel disrespect for their superior officers.

England —Sgt. JAMES R. BROWN

Purple Heart for Frostbite

Dear YANK:

In answer to Pfc. J. L. Hendricks' chiding of the guys who have received the Purple Heart for frostbite: . . . Did you stop to think that frostbite is a big man with a sharp knife who doesn't give a damn what part of the human body he whacks off?

A lot of my buddies were left on Attu, not on account of gun wounds but this single frostbite. There were others who had minor ailments, such as the loss of fingers or toes, an arm taken off and in some cases their feet amputated. Many of those frostbitten were saved by the splendid efforts of the Army Medics even after gangrene had set in.

The screams and stench on deck of the ships returning from Attu would have convinced you that the Purple Heart had been awarded to deserving soldiers.

Los Angeles, Calif. —Pvt. A. LOSCHI

Dear YANK:

. . . I recently came home after completing my missions over Germany, and most of them were from a height where the thermometer varied from 30° below, centigrade, to a degree that was unknown because the gauge didn't register lower than 50° below. We only knew it was damned cold.

One radio operator was asked by his pilot to get a bearing. Being eager he took off his glove to send faster. Result of two minutes of carelessness—four fingers amputated. There was also the case of a ball-turret gunner. His electric suit and shoes went out. Result—one leg amputated.

Frostbite is the airmen's enemy just as much as flak.

MacDill Field, Fla. —T/Sgt. LAWRENCE

Army and Navy Nurses

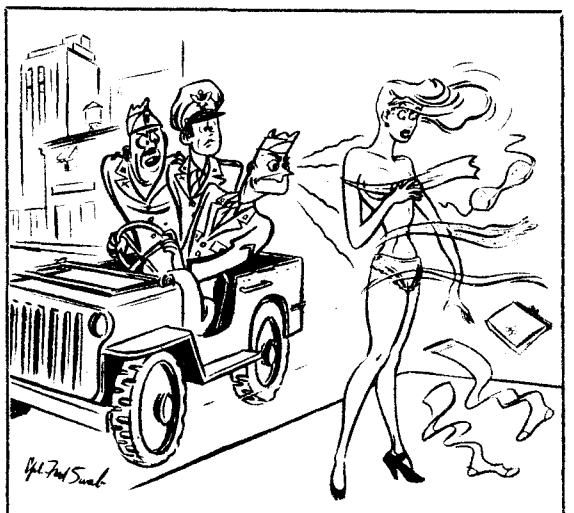
Dear YANK:

We note that legislation is pending in Congress to promote the commandant of the WAC to major general. In observing this, we wish to take up the cause of the "forgotten ladies of the service" in the Army Nurse Corps and the Navy Nurse Corps. For over 100 years the ANC has been serving the fighting men of our country. On the front lines of every battlefield they have served gallantly and died gallantly for the country they loved. Today the commandant of the Army Nurse Corps is a full colonel. If any promotion such as the one mentioned is possible we feel it should go to her.

In writing this, we are not condemning the WAC; they undoubtedly have done and are doing a grand job.

Camp Campbell, Ky. —Sgt. ARTHUR W. BARTZ*

*Also signed by T/Sgts. Paul T. Pullam and Woodrow W. Downs; S/Sgt. Lee Wick; Sgts. Domenick T. Tedesco, Richard B. Toner and Nicholas Marcotrigiano; Cpls. Albert C. Jansen and Jack Woodcock, and T-5 Donato M. Messanotto.



"THERE GOES STANISLAUS MENTALLY UNDRESSING PEOPLE AGAIN."

Quicker Than the Eye

Dear YANK:

How did that girl ever get her shoes off and on so quickly?

Somewhere overseas —T-5 NOBLE GRUBBS

Dear YANK:

. . . How can a woman's stockings come off before her shoes?

Camp Rucker, Ala. —Pvt. VINCENT BLONDOLLILO

■ Shucks, that ain't all. Her shoes don't match, either.

Demobilization

Dear YANK:

It was interesting to note in a June issue of YANK that there were 3,657,000 American troops overseas at that time and that 5,000,000 were expected overseas by the end of the year. With those figures balanced against some 30,000,000 draft registrants, I can't help but doubt the necessity of having men up to 38 years of age along with pre-Pearl Harbor fathers in the service. . . .

We all know that for some of us life will stop at 35 because railroads and utilities have a long-established deadline of 35 for hiring help. Even the governments, municipal and Federal, set 35 as the deadline on Civil Service examinations. . . .

Since it is undoubtedly too late to correct an already overly entangled draft mess, I would recommend that the above facts be considered for the first wave of demobilization.

New Caledonia —Pvt. A. W. ACKMEYER

Combat Medics

Dear YANK:

This will be short and not very sweet. Why is it the combat medics do not receive any additional raise in pay even though they go through exactly the same hardships as the Infantry? We aid men know the Infantry deserves everything they get and then some, but after all we're risking our necks, too.

Bougainville —Pfc. C. G. GAFF*

*Also signed by T-3 William A. Parker and Pvts. Glenn L. Talley, Frances Tighe and Rufus W. Huff.

Summer Uniforms

Dear YANK:

We are wondering why the Women's Army Corps is issued summer uniforms of gabardine while the EMs are not even allowed to wear them when they buy them with their own money.

Las Vegas, Nev. —Pvt. GEORGE WILDERN*

*Also signed by Cpl. G. Binotto and Pvts. Albert I. Fry and Arlin O. Nyberg.

"Civilianism"

Dear YANK:

Your letter from Joseph Grant was very interesting and he has an interesting case for us medics. [Pvt. Grant wrote that he missed a duty formation and went on sick call as an excuse. Although nothing ailed him, he said, his case was diagnosed by a "brain doctor" as "nervous stomach" and he is to be discharged. However, he wants to stay in the Army. —*Ed.*] A few of the men in my outfit have made a diagnosis of his case. We agree with the brain specialist that he has nervous trouble—but not in the stomach—and our treatment is a life of "civilianism." The dope!

Camp Cooke, Calif. —Sgt. RAY WILLIAMS

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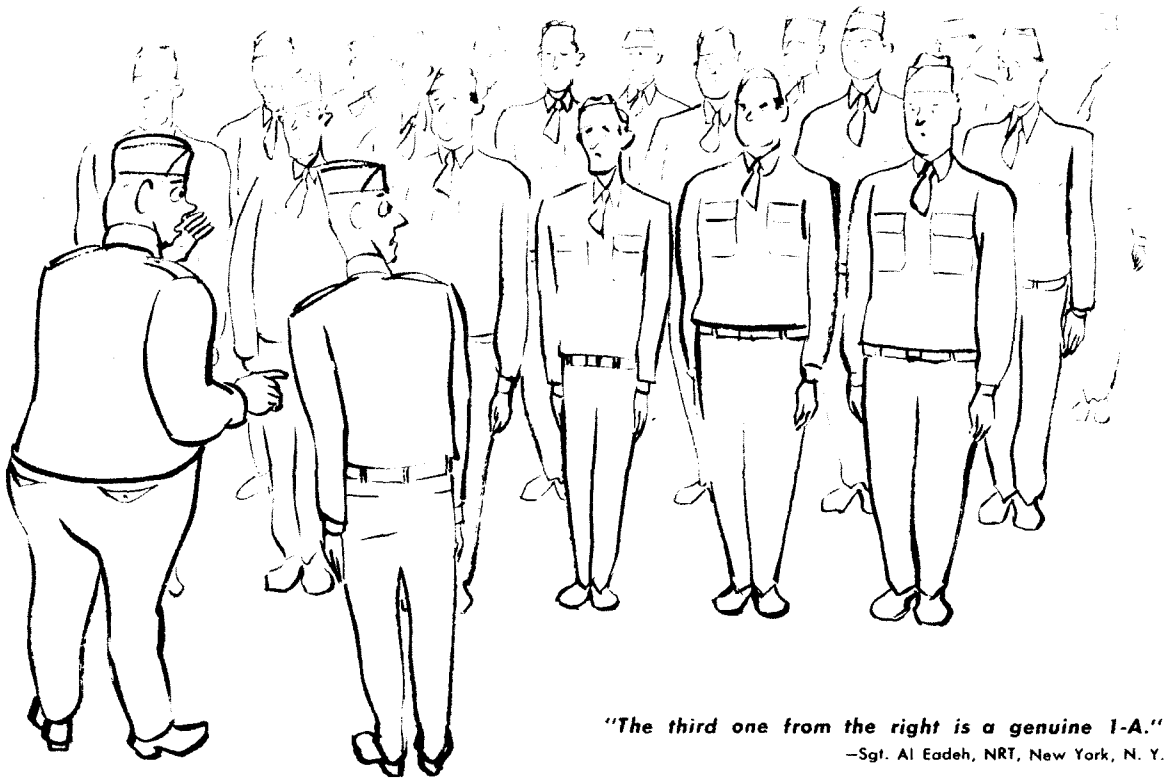

"The third one from the right is a genuine 1-A."
—Sgt. Al Eadeh, NRT, New York, N. Y.

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

We Don't See Many Soldiers

LIKE a fool I didn't watch where we turned off the highway. I've kicked myself a thousand times since. I was too busy watching this old joe, who had the brightest eyes and wildest grin I ever saw. It was creepy as hell sitting beside him in his little old coupe with the dashlight shining up on his face.

"Have a drink, soldier." His liquor tasted like rum and whisky mixed, and it hit me hard.

"Going anywhere in particular?" he grinned. "How about coming over to our little town?" I took another shot of his liquor and said: "Sure, let's go over to your little town."

His little town was near a river. We crossed a long wooden bridge with loose planks—that much I do remember for sure. We seemed to come into it all of a sudden, out of the dark. It was a fairly large place, about four or five drug stores and half a dozen bars, and it was crowded with people doing their Saturday-night shopping.

"Let's get something to eat," said the old joe. "Don't mind if people stare at you. We don't see many soldiers in our little town."

"What?" I glanced up and down the sidewalk. "Jeezus!" There wasn't a dogface in sight! Not even a sailor or a marine. "Where is everybody?"

"Oh," said the old joe after looking puzzled for an instant. "Oh, the girls. Don't worry, they'll be around. A lot of them are home primping."

I glanced at the old joe to see if he was joking. The town was full of pretty girls, walking alone or in twos and threes.

"I guess you'll be looking for more interesting company." He stood up after we had finished field stripping a couple of big T-bones, at his expense. "One thing to watch in this town," he grinned. "Be careful where you stay tonight. So many of the families here have daughters they're trying to marry off."

"Mom, look. A soldier!" yelled a little kid as soon as I stepped out of the cafe. "Mom, can we bring him home with us?" His folks stopped and asked me to spend the week end at their place. While I was trying to refuse, other people stopped and began arguing over who got me for their guest. I stood there with my mouth open, the center of a circle that almost blocked the sidewalk by then.

At the edge of the crowd was a girl in a white blouse. She had long brown hair, and I think her eyes were green. She kept smiling at me, and after a while she whispered something to her father.

"I don't want to put you folks out," I said. "Maybe the USO can help me find a hotel room."

Everyone laughed. "We haven't got any USO in this town!"

The father of the green-eyed girl worked his way through the crowd and said: "You're welcome to stay out at our place, soldier." I glanced at the girl, and she smiled and I said: "Thanks, that'll be swell!"

The girl and I—her name was Sally—went to a dance in her car. Afterward we had a few drinks with a gang of her friends and ended up with a big party at Sally's house—a big white Southern mansion on the edge of town—including her four pretty cousins. Sunday we played tennis and swam in the river and had another big party with Sally's dad mixing the drinks.

"Where'd you get the soldier, Sally?" her girl friends would say right out in front of me.

"Haven't your friends ever seen a soldier before?" I asked her.

"We don't see many soldiers here. I guess they don't like to come to a little hick place like this."

About 2200 hours Sunday night I remembered I had to be back to camp, and I took off in a hurry. "See you next week end!" everyone yelled when I left. I kissed Sally good-bye at the bus depot. "See you," she said.

"I'll take you back to camp, soldier," said the old joe of the night before, who walked up and grabbed my arm before I got in the depot.

"I'll just take the bus," I said. "This is the only place I've seen in months where you don't have to sweat a bus line."

But he insisted, and soon we were rattling over the wooden bridge and speeding down a dark and narrow dirt road. We were back at the camp in no time at all.

"What's the name of your town?" I asked, one foot still on the running board. The old joe seemed anxious to leave; he kept goosing the motor. "What town you talking about, soldier?"

"The town where you took me—what's the name of the place?"

He grinned at me oddly for a moment. "Town?" he said. "Shangri-La, I guess. Must've been Shangri-La." And he sped away in a shower of exhaust sparks.

Maybe it was Shangri-La. I've been back along that highway four times and I can't find any road leading off into the hills. People say there's no town or river around there.

But anyhow if any of you GIs ever find that town, please for God's sake let me know how to get there. We could go up together some week end. Won't cost you a cent, and I'll fix you up with one of Sally's cousins.

—Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

"You'd better report to the supply sergeant and sign a statement of charges for this."
—Pvt. H. Mace, Camp Reynolds, Pa.

THE MONDAY DEAL

Monday again and back again.
To the aimless weapons—
The Underwood, the carbons
And the copies to be copied,
Re-copied and copied till the file bursts.
(Will the last file burst?)

Monday again and morning reports
To be done by eight, no later—
Five EM found hanging by their braided hair;
Barracks enchanted, ringed by fire;
Insistent swans storm orderly room
Swearing to be long-lost KPs;
Infant found in pfc's foot locker,
Answers to no name, Hindu caste mark
On forehead, no other clue;
First sergeant immures himself in broom closet,
Weeping incessantly, stripes discovered
Hanging from willow in company area.
How went the night? Out like a light.

Monday and here they come again—
Phantoms of the far-flung fronts,
Each with his line and length of chain:
"Hail to thee, thane of Underwood!
Woodstock thou art, and Remington!
Hail, Royal that shalt be!"

Helmet by helmet, the crowned heads of Europe
Underground, and cheek by jowl.
The sailors off Saipan reclining
A league below the reach of the Red Cross,
Untouchable by plastic surgeons,
Beyond the pigmy havens
Offered by apple stands and cotton poppies.
Such sentries on patrol, who can deny
Monday is here, Sunday here and gone?
The desk stands idling, anxious to be flown.

—Sgt. HALSEY DAVIS
San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center, Tex.

TO A HEP CAT

Ah, Jack, to wear our English drapes once more
With fifteen cuffs and twenty-eight-inch knees,
To let our hair flow freely in the breeze
And wildly jump across a solid floor,
To wear deep purple flowers in our coats
Of light tan Bedford cord and sport a pair
Of brown suede shoes, while blatant trumpets blare
And gutbuckets thump out their rhythmic notes.

Oh, we could scream and rave and gaily leap
To boogie beats and frolic to and fro
Like an excited, crazy GI jeep.
This then is our most sacred dream, I know;
But right now I would like to catch some sleep,
So will you please turn off the radio?

Fort Benning, Ga. —Sgt. LEONARD SUMMERS

THE LAST HOUR

Give me this one hour
Alone in the silent room
With you.
Heat or the lack of any warmth
Matters not,
For the air is charged
With a fire of farewelling,
And sorrow buried
In the pile of great anger
Burns at the hidden wick
And ashes mount in the room's stillness.

Carry the hollow, hardened stones
Out into the cold of today
And they will melt into great drops
That flood my shoulders' burden
In a blinding stream.

Walk with me now
And let no murmur
Disgrace your lips
But only
Let hands clasp our message.

Camp Ritchie, Md. —Pfc. LEE RICHARD HAYMAN

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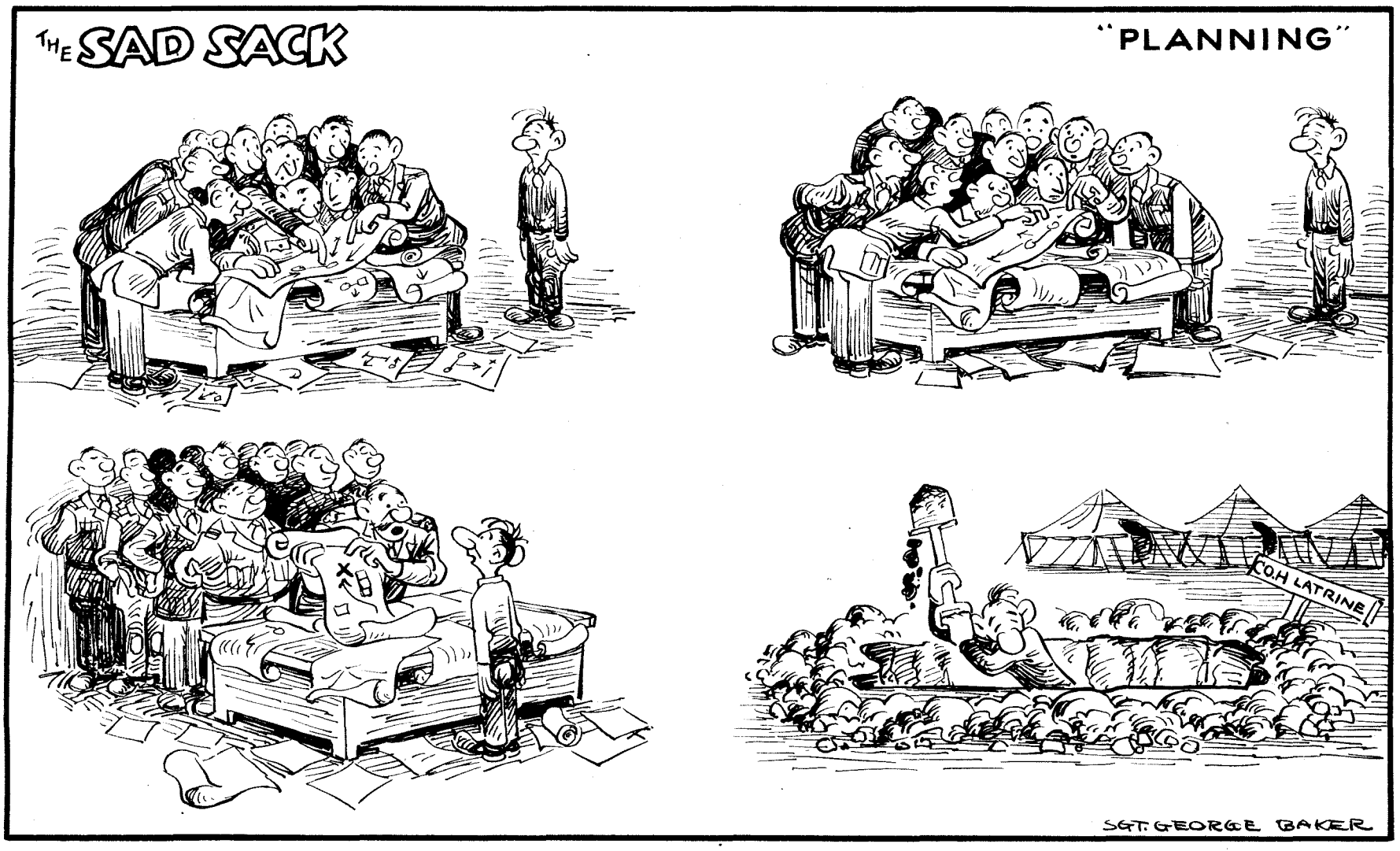

By Pvt. WARREN KERR

THE morning was gray and dismal. Not raining, not quite. When the men found out what the detail was, some made jokes, some were glum and some just thanked their stars it wasn't the "cockroach killing" detail, which the smarter ones had discovered was simply KP.

Once in the long ago, some few months at any rate, the barracks had been built. The powers that be had decided to leave the residue of the construction for hapless GIs to dispose of on just such a slow and dismal day as this. (The contemplation of the navel is the supreme example of goofing off, in the opinion of all first sergeants.)

Six men, a T-5 and a sergeant surveyed the job. A jumbled miscellany of boards, paper and assorted junk spread over an acre of wet and verdant ground. Listlessly they set to work. The six-by-six awaited their earnest effort, ever ready to chug off and return with its gaping dark rear to mock them.

Diversion, as usual, was not long in coming. This time it was in the form of a cozy fur-lined nest of mice, all babies. The mother, with an instinct that transcended mother love, had used her nimble legs and even now was watching in panic from a shelter of camouflage that would put to shame the Army's best.

The shouts of the immediately activated hunt came to the soldier who was the most disinterested and for a moment filled him with bewilderment. Then he saw and almost understood. A tiny gray bit of life scurried up to his feet. A numb terror was evident in the baby mouse's twitching nose and shaking fuzzy exterior. The soldier lifted his eyes at a shout and saw the uplifted stick in the hands of a buddy who a moment before had bummed a cigarette and remarked with a faraway look in his eyes: "My wife's brand."

His amusement at the furry baby's plight gave way to a feeling of revulsion as he realized the other men's intentions. Quick thoughts skimmed through his mind: mice breed disease; they are scavengers; they carry germs — and death. We need life to win.

Yet this is only one. It is helpless and it means no harm. The soldier thought of sparrows and spiders and little fishes and all the babies everywhere whose millions of lives were sacrificed each day—for which there was no rhyme or reason. He saw nothing as he turned away, but he heard the thud of the board on the wet earth. Was that a bit of life-matter or only dirt that tickled his retreating legs?

Then it became a game — a thing he had observed before and would never understand. Seven men were on the prowl for small harmless bits of life that clung to the earth. Trap and taunt; squeeze, crush, kill!

After an interminable five minutes, while the soldier gazed with unseeing eyes at a gray and green-lined horizon, the shouting and the blows had ceased. Blood had been let and each man had had his kill.

One voice, however, kept on. "This is a tough little bastard. Fast, too! Lookit him go!" It was the sergeant. Fat-faced and slow of foot, he controlled the last spasms of his game on a slender stick. He flipped the tiny thing onto a cleared bit of ground.

The soldier had to look. The tiny mouse lay on its side, twitching. The big sergeant poked again. A frantic effort by the little rodent was good for almost a foot.

With unintelligible musings and curses the sergeant stood with hands on hips, looking down on his victim. Some of the men worked on, some looked with vacant eyes.

Suddenly the soldier, who up to now had taken no part in the sport, stepped forward in front of the sergeant. With a firm and unhurried step he placed his foot squarely on top of the mouse and put his entire weight on it, twisting to the left at the same time.

As he lifted his foot he involuntarily glimpsed the result — a red-and-white blotch against the dirty ground; the soft gray fur seemed to have disappeared. "If this were only the enemy, and if it were so easy," he thought, "would these guys act the same then?"

For long seconds no one spoke. No one moved. The soldier felt uneasy. Then the sergeant turned to him. "Boy! You sure took care of him! I don't see how you could do it. I couldn't!"

"Me neither! What a mess!" said another.

The soldier looked into the sergeant's eyes Nothing there. They were just ordinary eyes, no hint of malice or brutality in them.

"It's easy when you do it quick," the soldier said. The silence continued and grew heavy. The gray sky and the blank, unseeing faces were closing in.

He swept their faces for some sign of understanding. Then he turned and walked to the front of the truck.

A moment of huge disgust, of shame for all things alive, and then he was vomiting — as silently as possible.

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STRICTLY GI

U.S. Armies in Europe

HERE [illegible] the command of the U. S. forces in France is now lined up. The troops in Normandy and Brittany and surrounding areas are ETO forces under the supreme command of Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower. They are divided into two armies, the First Army under Lt. Gen. Courtney H. Hodges and the Third Army under Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr. These two armies comprise the Twelfth U. S. Army Group, under the command of Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley.

The U. S. forces in Southern France which landed in the invasion of the coast between Marseilles and Nice belong to the Mediterranean theater of operations, which has Gen. Sir Henry Maitland Wilson of the British Army as its supreme Allied commander. The U. S. invasion forces are units of the American Seventh Army under Maj. Gen. Alexander Patch, who was commander of the first U. S. Army troops to land on New Caledonia and Guadalcanal back in 1942.

No More Basic Field Manuals

The old familiar *Basic Field Manual*, officially known as FM 21-100, is no more. A new pamphlet, "Army Life," fills the orientation needs of basic-training recruits, and everything else in the *Basic Field Manual* is either duplicated in other training manuals or is obsolete. So the WD has stopped issuing FM 21-100.

Bomb Requirements

The AAF dropped twice as many tons of bombs in the first six months of 1944 as in the entire period from Pearl Harbor to the end of 1943. During the last six months of 1944 some 700,000 tons of bombs will be required by the AAF.

In Burma, a new "spike" bomb is being used against Jap railroads and bridges. The AAF found that ordinary 100-pounders with delayed-action fuses ricocheted off the tracks and exploded harmlessly a few feet away, yet delayed-action bombs were needed to give the low-flying planes time to get away from the blasts. So the nose fuse of each bomb was replaced with a spike made of an old axle; one end was threaded to screw into the bomb and the other was sharpened to a point. The spike bombs are now being made to order in the States.

Italy Battle Honors

The Japanese-American 100th Infantry Battalion has been cited by Lt. Gen. Clark for its work in the vicinity of Belvedere and Sassetta in June. . . . The 48th and 235th Engineer Combat Battalions have been cited for their action against the enemy in the assault on Mount Porchio between Jan. 4 and Jan. 8 Other Engineer units whose personnel are entitled to wear the Distinguished Unit Badge are the 43d, 46th, 91st and 96th Regiments; the 576th and 585th Dump Truck Companies; Company D, 50th Regiment; the 114th Combat Battalion; Company B, 116th Combat Battalion; Company A, 803d (Aviation) Engineer Battalion and the 808th (Aviation) Engineer Battalion.

The Fifth Army Plaque and Clasp have been awarded to eight Signal Corps units in Italy: the 163d Signal Photographic Company, 74th Signal Company (Special), 63d Signal Battalion, 212th Signal Depot Company, 72d Signal Company, 57th Signal Battalion, 6681st Signal Pigeon Company (Provisional) and 6759th Signal Detachment (Provisional).

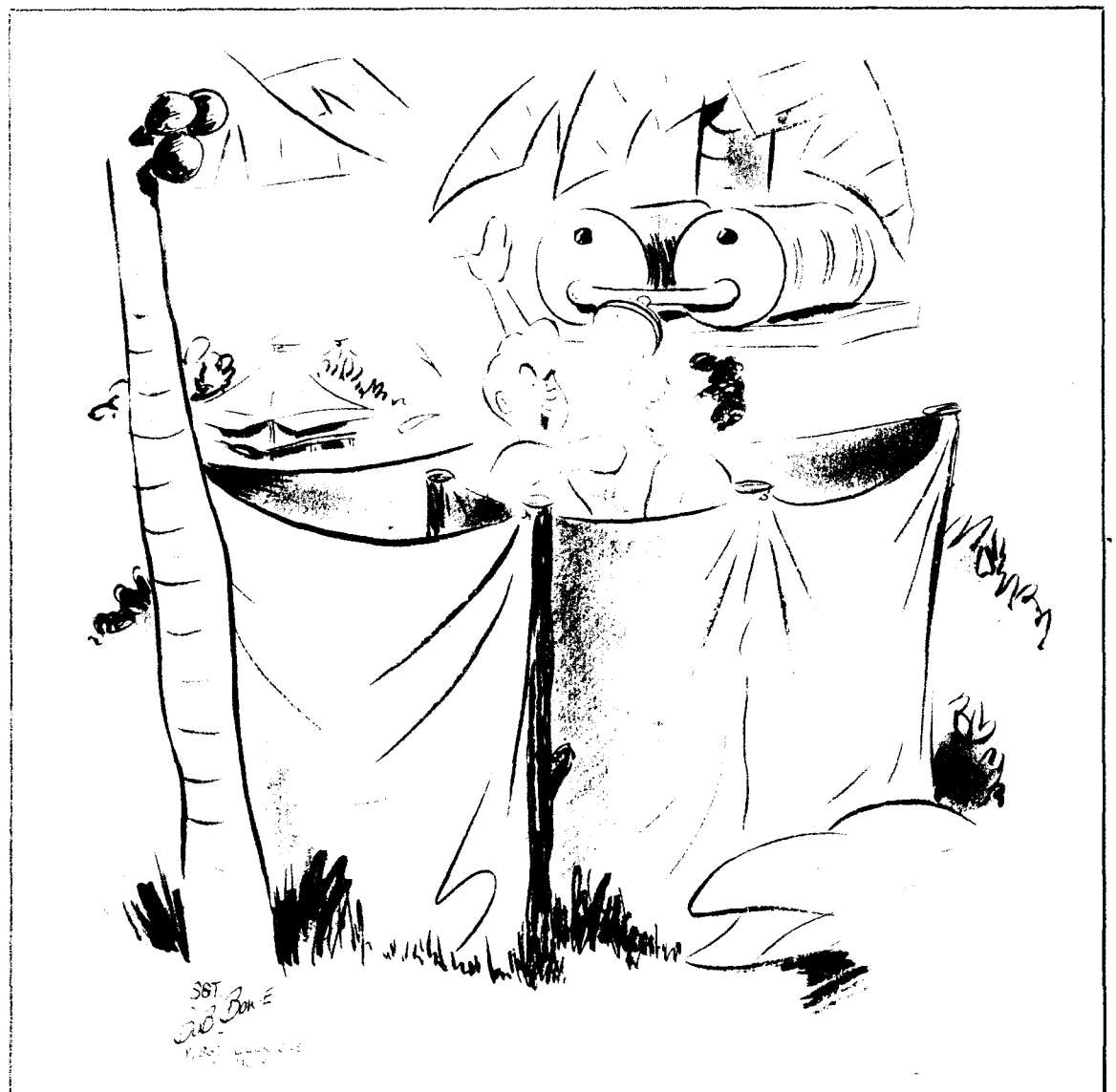
GI Shop Talk

Maj. Gen. Curtis E. LeMay has been assigned as commanding general of the XX Bomber Command of the Twentieth Air Force. He formerly commanded a heavy-bombardment division of the Eighth Air Force in England. . . . The Morale Services Division is now the Information and Education Division. . . . The B-29 Superfortress carries about 2,000 pounds of radio equipment. . . . P-51 Mustang fighters are being used in the Italian campaign to provide tactical reconnaissance for the artillery. They are reported to be doing an excellent job in areas where flak and fighter opposition are too tough for the light planes that the artillery uses regularly for observation and liaison.

Names in the Army

One soldier out of every 100 is named Smith. One out of every 200 Smiths in the Army is named John W. Smith and there are too many plain John Smiths to be counted. There are 356 John W. Smiths, 240 John W. Johnsons, 286 James Browns and 249 James E. Browns. The 12 most common names in the Army, accounting for 385,390 soldiers, are:

Smith	72,000	Jones	31,320	Martin	24,300
Johnson	48,500	Davis	31,000	Taylor	22,000
Brown	39,000	Wilson	29,000	Hall	15,170
Miller	33,600	Anderson	24,500	Lewis	15,000



"I have it from unimpeachable sources that we've already got MPs in Tokyo posting off-limits signs."

Washington OP

THE Office of the Surgeon General has pointed out the following inaccuracies in an item which ran here recently concerning the Medical Administration Corps' OCS:

"A statement that all graduates of the Medical Administration Corps officer candidate school will be employed as assistant battalion surgeons. The assignment of newly commissioned officers of the Medical Administrative Corps is dictated solely by requisitions on hand at the time of their graduation. No candidates are admitted to OCS earmarked for specific assignment. . . .

"A statement that the length of the course is 'six weeks.' The length of all officer-candidate courses has been established by the War Department General Staff at 17 weeks.

"A statement that applicants for MAC OCS are selected from individuals with certain specific technical training, such as medical and surgical technicians, male nurses and registered pharmacists. Applicants for MAC OCS are selected within the group defined in par. 8d (1½) (a), *AR 625-5, 'Officer Candidates,'* and are not selected from a group with certain previous training as is specified in the news item."

Maj. Gen. John R. Deane, chief of the U. S. military mission to Russia, arrived here with a story about a Russian girl dancer who appeared before American troops at one of our shuttle bomber bases in the U.S.S.R. She did some kind of a shimmy dance and naturally the GIs whistled and shouted. She left the stage in tears because in Russia those sounds are signs of disapproval. It took a Russian general to convince her that she had made a hit. Then she came back smiling and really went to town.

Metal priorities must be easing up. The QMC has designed a gold-plated brass communion set for chaplains to replace the old wooden type, and discharge buttons, formerly made from gold-colored plastics, will be made soon from gold-colored metal.

—YANK Washington Bureau

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Iceland: Cpl. John Moran, Inf.

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CAMP NEWS

T-4 Bobby Evans and Pfc. Suzie Brown rumba.

Cpl. Bobby Faye, playing the Sad Sack, is a befuddled pencil-pusher in this sequence from "Hi, Yank!"

Sad Sack Comes to Life in GI Show

Fort Dix, N. J.—After seeing "Hi, Yank!" the all-soldier revue, at its premiere here, Brock Pemberton, the Broadway producer, congratulated Cpl. Isidore Falick, who had the role of the "Sad Sack," and asked him if he had ever had any previous stage experience.

"Fifteen years," replied Falick.

"You did a swell job," said the producer.

"Thanks, Mr. Pemberton," said Falick, whose professional name is Bobby Faye. "I hope you remember that when I take off this uniform and come looking for a job after the war."

"Hi, Yank!" which will be incorporated into a blueprint for use in organizing shows overseas, stems from YANK, The Army Weekly, and much of its material was inspired by regular YANK features. The show was produced by Capt. Hy Gardner for Special Services Division, ASF; Cpl. Dave Fitzgibbon served as the director, and Pvt. Frank Loesser and Lt. Alex North wrote the music.

Falick admits that he made his start in show business by fleecing a fleecer. "I could hardly keep time to music myself," he explained. "Yet I was taking money from a fellow who in turn was getting paid to teach a girl to dance in show business. Every night I'd give him a lesson, and then he'd teach the girl the steps."

Falick's first vaudeville assignment was very brief. "Another fellow and I put an act together and got a booking. We gave only one performance. Bozo Snyder offered my partner a fin more than he was getting in our act, and he quit."

The big break came when Falick landed a summer on the "Borscht Circuit," the group of Adirondack resorts where Milton Berle and other stars made their start. That booking led to steady work in burlesque, and he played on the same bills with Margie Hart, Ann Corio, Gypsy Rose Lee, Charmaine, Rags Ragland, Mike O'Shea and other burlesque headliners before Uncle Sam claimed him.

Speaking of his experiences in the Army, Falick said: "I was a Sad Sack right from the start. A year and a half ago, when I got my induction notice, my pals on Broadway offered me six to one that I would never wear khaki except on the stage. They knew I had a dropped stomach, wore a truss, was on a strict diet and was being treated by a specialist. But they didn't know the Army.

"After I was inducted I went on sick call to see what I could eat and how much I should drill. The Army doctor told me to throw away my truss, eat everything and do everything. He said he'd see that I got a CDD when I broke down.

"I thought I was really sick and I was mad as hell. I was determined I'd show him by doing just what he told me to do. I threw away my truss, ate everything and knocked myself out at calisthenics. Six months later I'd gained 15 pounds and never felt better in my life."

—Cpl. TOM SHEHAN

Pfc. Christian Nelson, oldest private.

At 58, Pfc Has Seen Service in Two Wars

PW Camp, Clarinda, Iowa—Pfc. Christian Nelson, claimant to honors as the oldest private in the Army, is scheduled to receive an honorable discharge because of arthritis.

Nelson, who is 58 and a veteran of the last war, was born in Denmark and came to this country in 1910. He made his home at Kimoten, Iowa, and joined the Army first in Omaha in 1917. He saw service overseas for more than a year, participating in the Meuse-Argonne drive.

Discharged from the Army, he bought his own farm in South Dakota and operated it until the depression. Then he joined the CCC and was at a camp in the Black Hills for several years.

With war in the offing, Nelson joined the Army again in January 1941 and went overseas with the 109th Engineers in February of the following year, landing at Belfast, Ireland. After some months in Ireland and England, he participated in the invasion of North Africa and saw considerable service during the Tunisian campaign.

On Sept. 28, 1943, his outfit returned to the States and was assigned to Fort Slocum, N. Y., and he was placed on inactive duty. After working for about two months in Detroit, Nelson was called back to active duty on Feb. 22, 1944, and reported to Camp Dodge, Iowa. Then he was transferred here.

OLD MAN, INDEED!

Camp Breckenridge, Ky.—On a night problem, S/Sgt. Ray Gola of the 75th Infantry inched forward on his stomach to an outpost and said to a figure crouched in the darkness: "Say, have you seen the Old Man around anywhere?"

The figure turned, and two bars gleamed softly on the open collar of the fatigues worn by Capt. Donald N. Elson, company commander.

Camera, Strictly GI

Columbia Air Field, Miss.—Cpl. Seeber T. Fowler of the Base Photo Section longed to own for himself one of those sleek Speed Graphics with which the section is equipped, but a little matter of money and priorities stood in the way. So he put his resourcefulness into action.

He found a soldier in his barracks who, after a certain amount of bargaining, was willing to sell an ancient camera that had belonged to his father for $5. Fowler bought the relic and proceeded to rejuvenate and refit it. He picked up a second-hand lens at Nashville, Tenn., for $15, and he found a flash attachment that set him back for $7. It took a little time to achieve the synchronization needed for fast shutter speeds, and then there was the problem of a range finder. Such a gadget costs a lot of dough—if you have a priority. So Fowler made one out of scrap metal. Even the mirrors in it were hand-made, the silvering being done by Sgt. James J. Gillooly.

When it was all finished, the camera had cost Fowler $30, but it does the work of a much more expensive instrument. What's more, it has an entirely professional appearance, even to the little name-plate on the front that reads: "FOWLER CAMERA CORP."

Donald Duck, Drillmaster

Boca Raton Field, Fla.—When the monotony of close-order drill begins to get the boys down, drill sergeants here let Donald Duck—or rather his voice—give the commands the way the feathered film star might give them if he were drill sergeant.

The voice is that of Cpl. Theodore Gurtner of Los Angeles, Calif., who for five years before he came into the Army was a narrator for the Walt Disney Studio in Hollywood. Though Gurtner's face has never appeared on the screen, it was his voice that accompanied the antics of Donald Duck in "Der Fuehrer's Face" and "Saludos Amigos." He began to do imitations at the age of 9 and says his quack-quack lingo is based on the misuse of the vocal cords. He can sputter Donald Duck fashion for two hours, but after that he loses the use of his voice for seven hours.

While attached to Truax Field at Madison, Wis., Gurtner was thrown out of a Madison theater for entertaining a group of soldiers with him by quoting from memory the script of the Donald Duck picture being shown.

Emergency Pilot

Gore Falls Air Field, Mont.—On T/Sgt. Clifford T. Erickson's first raid, which was over Germany, the pilot and the co-pilot were both wounded and Erickson had to take over the controls and fly the bomber, *Dangerous Dan*, home.

Erickson says he couldn't have done it if the pilot, Lt. William F. Jones, hadn't managed to stay conscious and instruct him in handling the controls. Jones had a shattered jaw and an ugly six-inch gash on his shoulder.

Dangerous Dan, according to Erickson, was jinxed from the start. "It seemed the ship was just marked for battle trouble," he says. "We thought we'd named it wrong, so we repainted it and took off the name. But somehow it remained *Dangerous Dan*." On its 17th raid it crashed.

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Mission Accomplished

Biggs Field, Tex.—Military personnel at this field cooperated closely with civilians in carrying out a hastily planned mission that probably saved the life of a 6-month-old boy.

The baby had a rare form of meningitis in Carlsbad, N. Mex., and needed penicillin. An emergency call was made to the Hotel Dieu at El Paso, Tex., the nearest penicillin depot, but by the time a package of the precious stuff could be dispatched to the bus depot, the last bus to Carlsbad that day had left.

Capt. Fred Davidson, Special Service officer at Biggs Field, was notified of the situation. He called Maj. B. C. Carlos, executive officer, who contacted Col. Glen R. Richard, station commander, and he in turn directed that the flight be made with all possible speed.

Brig. Gen. Newton Longfellow, CO of the 16th Wing, offered his personal plane, the fastest on the field. Lt. Col. Warren L. Johnston, director of training, and Maj. Charles C. Andrews, director of flying, volunteered to make the flight. Ray Esperson, an El Paso motorcycle cop, raced to the field with the drug. At 1740 hours the pilots took off with T/Sgt. A. L. Wolfe as engineer.

Thirty-five minutes later the plane reached Carlsbad, where the baby's physician awaited its life-giving cargo. —Pfc. HENRY W. AUSTIN

Enemy Routed

Camp Barkeley, Tex.—"Halt! Who goes there?" shouted Pfc. Henry Sadlo as he motioned T-5s Benjamin Kapelke and Curtis Tucker to move forward.

It was 2300 hours, and Sadlo, Kapelke and Tucker of Company C, 17th Battalion, were on a divisional problem. Sadlo had heard a noise in the bushes and awakened his companions. They had visions of capturing a member of the "Red" troops and winning the commendation of their CO. Fixing bayonets, they advanced and searched the bushes. But they failed to find anything in the darkness.

An hour later they heard the noise again. The moon was up now. Sadlo and his buddies flushed the bushes again. This time they found the "enemy." "He" was an armadillo.

Chow Line With Music

Mountain Home AAF, Idaho—Sweating out an apparently endless line before the mess hall never boosts the morale of a soldier. Its chief byproducts are perspiration and bitching.

A partial solution was offered here when the field band appeared between mess halls one day, and the strains of "Dark Town Strutters' Ball" floated into the ears of the heat-ravaged GIs. Now, with a swing-and-sway concert providing a night-club atmosphere, the GIs are a little more pleasant to one another when asking for the mustard or seconds. —By Pvt. ROBERT V. McNIGHT

Dogface Saved by Dog Tags

Camp White, Oreg. — Sgt. David W. Farrar, a casual in the Western Personnel Reassignment Center here, has two pieces of metal that he will probably carry with him the rest of his life. One is the fragment of a German shell that hit him in the chest while he was serving with the Fifth Army in Italy. The other is a torn and twisted dog tag which he is sure deflected the shell fragment enough that it saved him from a more serious wound, if not death. He was awarded the Purple Heart and Oak Leaf Cluster.

Incidentally, dogfaces in Sgt. Farrar's outfit no longer carry their dog tags in their pockets.

ENERGETIC DREAMER

Sioux Falls Army Air Field, S. Dak.—Maj. E. C. Bickel offers this as the strangest accident in the files of the Ground Safety Council at the AAF Training Command Radio School: A private in one of the school sections was enjoying a siesta in his upper bunk. As he turned over he threw his right shoulder out of place and had to finish his rest in the station hospital.

Fish Story, GI Style

Camp Crowder, Mo.—S/Sgt. Joseph Craig, mess sergeant for an outfit here, asked for volunteers for KP on a two-week bivouac. Much to the surprise of the privates and corporals, all the upper-grade noncoms flocked to put their names on the list. So the privates and corporals stayed comfortably on their haunches and let the sergeants have the detail.

Upon arriving at the mess area at dawn next morning, the KP volunteers were handed poles and lines and told to dig worms and spend the day fishing for "vittles" for the outfit. The volunteers insist they knew nothing of what was in store for them, but the privates and corporals remain skeptical.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Fort Niagara, N. Y.—Cpl. Eric Linden, veteran of 35 movies, is here for refresher training. Linden broke into the films in 1931 and in succession was under contract to Warners, Universal and MGM. His favorite parts were in "Life Begins" with Loretta Young, "Ah, Wilderness" and "The Voice of Bugle Ann," the latter with Lionel Barrymore. When the war broke out Linden was in London, playing "Golden Boy" on the stage at the St. James Theater. After returning to the U. S., he was inducted in July 1942.

Camp Butner, N. C.—Pvt. William C. Baker of the 355th Infantry Regiment comes from Hope, Ark., in the heart of the watermelon country. Recently at mail call, he received a 60-pound melon, sent to him by one of his neighbors.

Sheppard Field, Tex.—An Army air field isn't much like a college campus, but Cpl. Jasper W. Holley of Section B, 3706 AAF Base Unit, has completed 41 hours of college training through the U. S. Armed Forces Institute program. Holley is taking his courses from Oregon State and specializing in mathematics.

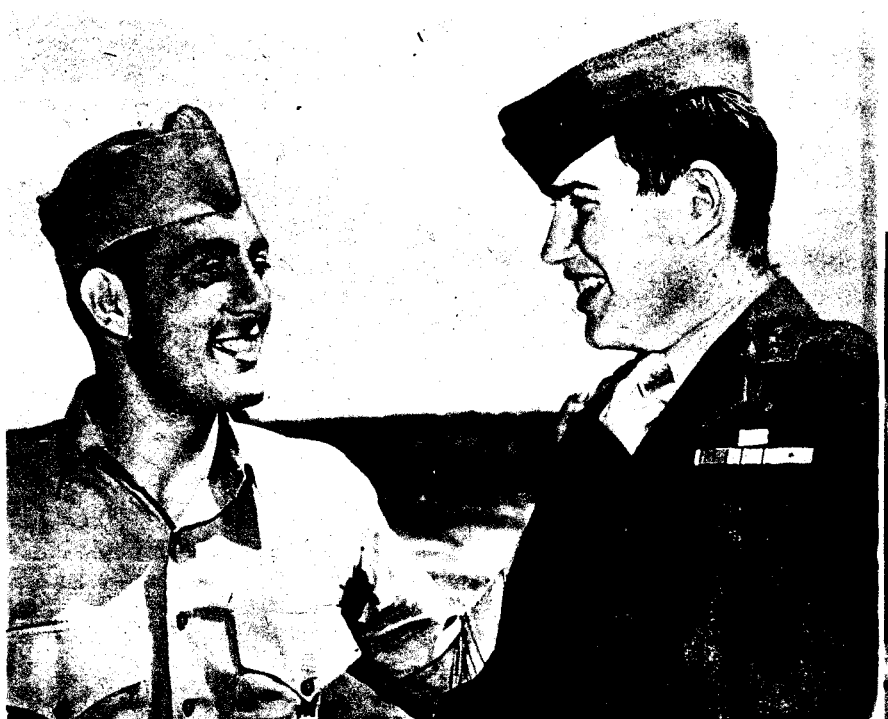
Grand Island AAF, Nebr.—The Section A pay line recently revealed that Cpl. Thomas R. Byrd and Cpl. Oliver J. Canary were in the same outfit. This prompted Sgt. Bill Bertram of Section B to write this in his column in *Strictly GI*, the GIAAF paper: "We believe in making everything uniform in our section. In Barracks 633, Sgt. James Head sleeps at the head of the barracks and Sgt. Rex Foote holds the top sack down at the foot."

Greenville, Miss.—Aviation Trainee George Waterhouse of Malden, Mass., is the latest claimant to the national 25-mile GI hike record. Waterhouse, who ran in marathons before he entered the service, traveled the route in 3 hours 57 minutes, breaking the record of 3 hours 58 minutes established by Sgt. Gordon Franks of the 100th Division at Fort Bragg, N. C.

Fort Warren, Wyo.—How an easterner identifies things he sees in the wild and woolly west is indicated in this quote from Pvt. Louis E. Fuller of the 3065th Salvage Collecting Company: "Then we saw buffaloes. They were the real McCoys because I checked them against my nickel."

Camp Lee, Va.—S/Sgt. Walter Gowdy of Lake Charles, La., mess sergeant for Company G, 9th ASF Training Regiment, recently displayed his collection of postage stamps in a post library here. He has items from virtually every country in the world and complete sets from the Vatican City and the U. S. His most prized items are stamps issued by the U. S. in honor of the occupied countries of Europe, the Four Freedoms and the fourth anniversary of Chinese resistance.

WINTER WAC. This is the latest creation to hang in the wall lockers of Wacs. For off-duty winter wear, it is fashioned of a woolen fabric of horizon tan.



HEROES MEET. Sgt. John Basilone and Pfc. Richard K. Sorenson, only living enlisted men of the Marine Corps to win the Congressional Medal of Honor, get together for the first time at Camp Pendleton, Calif.

FULL HOUSE. A/Cs Joe D., Jene L. and Jay R. Hinkle, triplets (center), receive instructions from Sgts. Roland H. and Roger L. Cox, twins, at Eagle Pass Air Field, Tex. The Hinkles hope to be flying their own three-shift V formation against the Axis soon.

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Pin-up Girl

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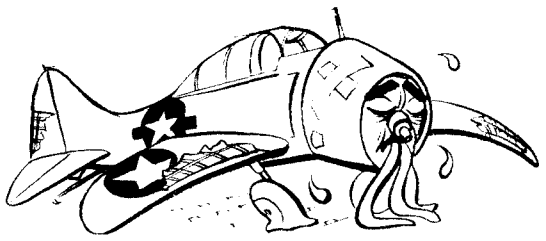
NAVY NOTES

SBD [illegible] great a part in the [illegible] morning of Dec. 7, 194[illegible] SBD [illegible] *Enterprise* intercepted [illegible] planes attacking Pearl Harbor and shot down probably [illegible] first Jap aircraft tagged by an American plane in this war. At Midway the Dauntless sank or damaged more major warships than has ever been done before or since, by any single type of plane. In a seven-month period that included the Battle of Midway the SBD sank 4 enemy carriers, 14 cruisers, 6 destroyers and 15 transports or cargo ships. In one engagement during the Battle of Guadalcanal, SBDs from Henderson Field scored direct



hits with 57 percent of their bomb drops.

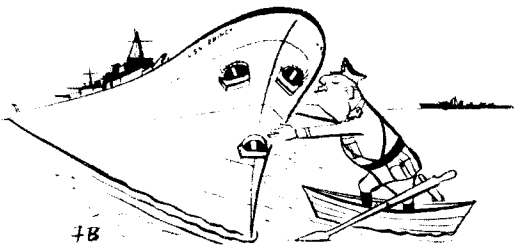
The Dauntless is renowned for its ability to take punishment and has come to be known as the "pilot's friend" because of its ability to get home with great chunks out of its wing, fuselage and tail surfaces. Still an active fighter, the SBD is part of Task Force 58, now battling in the Pacific. But the plane is technically so outdated that the ready-room cry has become "Pilots, man your clunks." Yet despite the arrival of newer and faster planes, the SBD retains the lowest ratio of losses per mission of any plane operating in the theater. A total of 5,936 Dauntlesses were turned out.

MORE MEN. With the Navy's authorized strength of 3,006,000 now reached, the President has approved a plan for 383,000 more enlisted men by next June 30. This increase has been made necessary by the speed of the Pacific offensive and the large numbers of men required to wage amphibious warfare. The Navy will look to Selective Service to provide the bulk of the increase. In addition, enough men are expected to be transferred "from sources within the service" to provide, along with the newly authorized personnel, a total of 580,000 to man boats, planes and bases needed for projected operations in the next 10 months. Of these, about 60 percent are needed for duty aboard ships (mostly amphibious), 33 percent for Naval aviation and new activities, and 7 percent for advance-base, staff and miscellaneous duties.

NEW INVENTIONS. The Navy's Bureau of Ships, through research in its own laboratories, has developed three new inventions. One is a powdered salt-water soap which can be used in ships' laundries, thus saving thousands of gallons of fresh water normally used. Another is a new fire-retardant chemical to be applied to all kapok life jackets. Unlike other chemicals, it doesn't affect the jacket's buoyancy or harm the fabric. The third discovery is a super Diesel fuel, twice as powerful as the highest previous quality. It is made by synthesizing natural gas.

PRIOPITY BUILDING. The complete change-over in production brought about by our Pacific advances is illustrated in the reduction of future submarine building. Once a vital need, subs are now giving way to more urgent weapons of direct attack. Here are the Navy's eight weapons most urgently needed: *1)* carriers and cruisers, *2)* assault ships, *3)* tankers, *4)* bombardment ammunition, because the schedule of production has been increased 3,000 percent since 1942, *5)* [illegible] rocket production [illegible] money value all other ammunition [illegible] together, *6)* 40-mm guns, *7)* machinery for [illegible] bases, *8)* high octane gasoline for Navy planes.

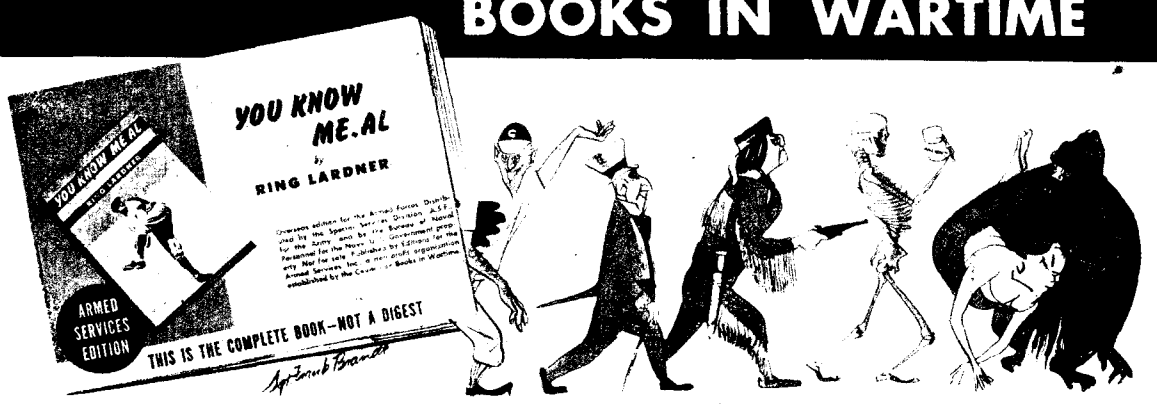
NEW SHIPS. At the suggestion of Adm. King on his return from Normandy, two new frigates will be named for the home towns of Gen. Eisenhower and Gen. Bradley. They'll be the *USS Abilene* (Kans.) and the *USS Moberly* (Mo.). . . . A new attack transport will be named the *Marvin H. McIntyre* in honor of the President's late secretary. . . . A new escort carrier will be named the *USS Cape Gloucester* in honor of the Marine Battle of New Britain.



DREDGINGS. Presidential unit citations have been awarded to PT Squadrons 12 and 21 for their work in the Huon Gulf. . . . Adm. King and SecNav Forrestal sent greetings to the Russian Navy on Soviet Navy Day. . . . The first two Negro reserve officers of the Navy to be assigned to duty outside the U.S. are stationed at Pearl Harbor. . . . A yeoman first class in BuPers at Washington is the first sailor to get a college degree by correspondence through the Navy's educational facilities. . . . The planned construction of 80,000 landing craft has passed the half-way mark. . . . A Navy aviator dropped two boxes of cigars by parachute to a crew of Marine artillerymen on Saipan after they scored a direct hit on an enemy emplacement. . . . An Army colonel in Normandy is pledged to kiss the *USS Quincy* the first chance he gets. Seems the *Quincy's* guns broke up a German maneuver that would have trapped his unit near Cherbourg.

—ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y2c

BOOKS IN WARTIME



THESE are the 32 titles in the tenth or J series of the Armed Service Editions, the pocket-sized paper-bound books published monthly by the Council on Books in Wartime. There are 94,000 copies of each title in the series, an increase of 3,000 per title over the preceding series. The Army will receive 72,000 copies of each title, the Navy 20,000 and Americans who are prisoners of war 2,000. The books are distributed by the Special Service Division, ASF, for the Army and by the Bureau of Navy Personnel for the Navy.

J-271 THE PROUD SHERIFF *By Eugene M. Rhodes*
Combination murder mystery and Western, somewhat better than the usual cow-country thriller.

J-272 MY NAME IS ARAM *By William Saroyan*
Endearing story of a young Armenian boy and his weird relatives in a small California town.

J-273 THE SHADOW LINE *By Joseph Conrad*
One of Conrad's best stories of life on the sea.

J-274 TREE TOAD *By Bob Davis*
The childhood adventures of a kid brother.

J-275 RIOT AT RED WATER *By Frederick R. Bechdolt*
Murder, kidnapping, mine robbery and young love.

J-276 PAST THE END OF THE PAVEMENT *By Charles G. Finney*
Warm, humorous story of two boys and their pets.

J-277 LOU GEHRIG *By Frank Graham*
An accurate and highly enjoyable biography.

J-278 YOU KNOW ME, AL *By Ring Lardner*
Some of Lardner's best stories about baseball.

J-279 THE PHANTOM FILLY *By George Agnew Chamberlain*
A well-done novel centering around harness-racing.

J-280 SHERIFF OF YAVISA *By Charles H. Snow*
The sheriff falls in love with the villain's sister.

J-281 DAVY CROCKETT *By Constance Rourke*
The most appealing of the famous American pioneers.

J-282 A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA *By Richard Hughes*
Pirates with a bunch of children on their hands.

J-283 THE GANG'S ALL HERE *By Harvey Smith*
The class secretary decides to cut loose in his report on the 25th reunion at Nostalgia U.

J-284 SKIN AND BONES *By Thorne Smith*
The intimate sex life of a living skeleton.

J-285 THE LAST ADAM *By James Gould Cozzens*
The story of a village doctor told with a minimum of heroics and sentimentality.

J-286 SOUTH OF THE RIO GRANDE *By Max Brand*
Another of those hair-raising, action-crammed Westerns.

J-287 GEORGE M. COHAN *By Ward Morehouse*
Biography of America's fabulous song-and-dance man.

J-288 THE GOLDEN FLEECE *By Norah Lofts*
Passion, blackmail and such in nineteenth-century England.

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HER picture in a bathing suit while she was still a high-school girl got Jean Parker her first movie contract. Now, some 10 years later, in a different bathing suit, Miss Parker proves she still has what it takes to stop traffic on the beach. Her latest screen appearance is in a Universal thriller-diller gruesomely titled, "Dead Man's Eyes."

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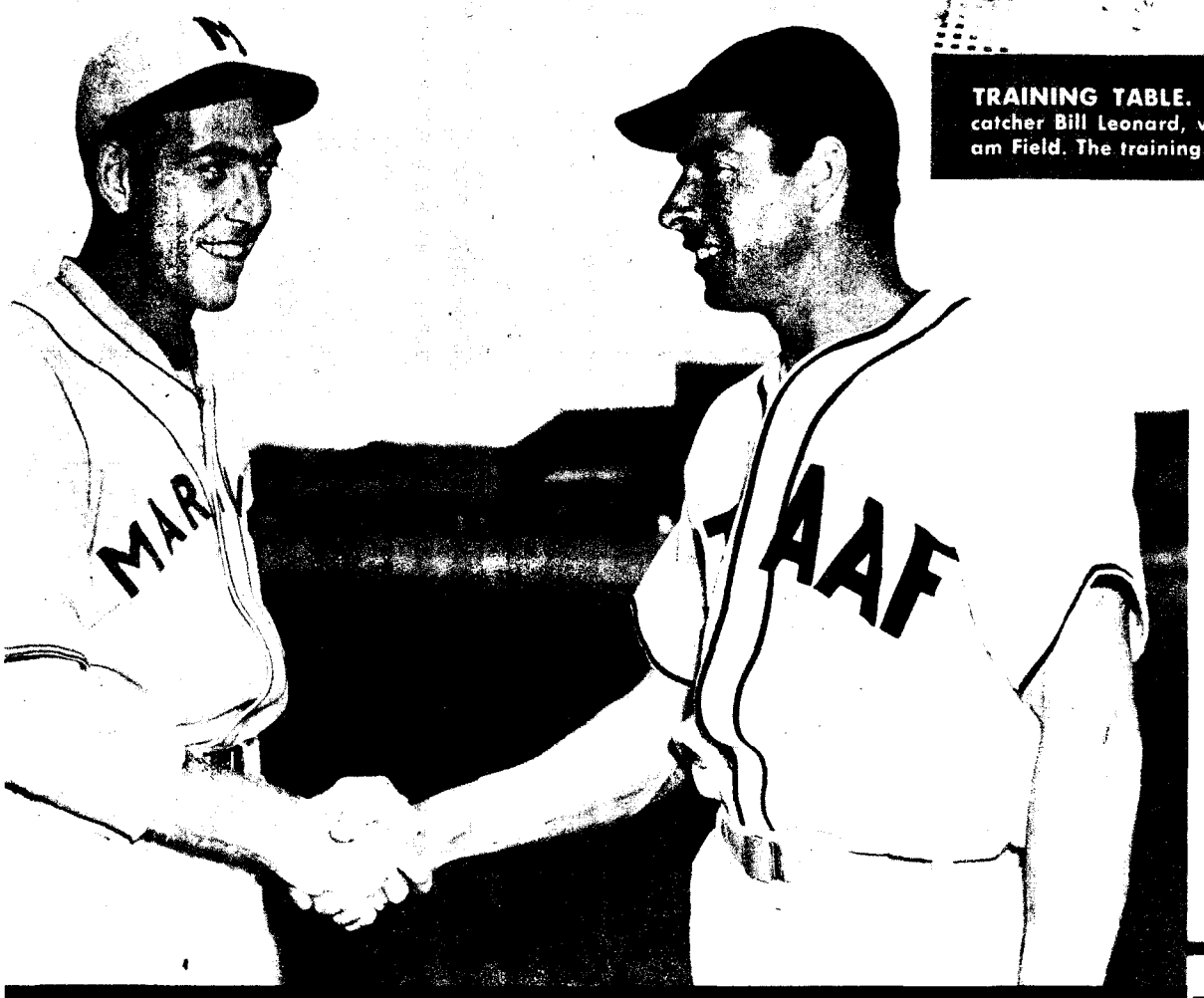
Report on Joe DiMaggio

TRAINING TABLE. DiMaggio (center), flanked by pitcher Eddy Funk and catcher Bill Leonard, wolfs down a veal dinner in the athlete's mess at Hickam Field. The training table serves the same chow as any other enlisted mess.



NICE GOING. Cpl. Andy Steinbach (left), Marine pitcher, congratulates DiMaggio after the Seventh AAF shellacked the Leathernecks, 7-1. Flyers play six games a week, in two leagues. One, the Hawaii League, consists of five civilian teams, two GI outfits. The Central Pacific League is all-service.

LIKE almost every major-league star who is in the Army, S Sgt. Joe DiMaggio is still playing baseball. For three months now he has been hitting (.390) and fielding among the pineapples in Hawaii for the ambitious Seventh Air Force Flyers, a ball team that looks on all major leagues as its farm. Coached by Lt. Tom Winsett, an ex-Dodger, the batting order includes Sgt. Red Ruffing, Yankees; Sgt. Walter Judnich, Browns; Sgt. Dario Lodigiani, White Sox; Cpl. Mike McCormick, Reds, and Pvt. Joe Gordon, Yankees. But DiMaggio probably realizes better than anyone

SEWING BEE. First thing the big-leaguers did upon their arrival was to sew on new shoulder patches. L. to r.: Lodigiani, Judnich, McCormick, DiMaggio and Sgt. Gerald Priddy. Ill with hay fever, Priddy recently returned to the States.

PRIVATE STOCK. Joe Gordon (center) shows his proudest possessions, a pair of civilian drawers and a lei, to Lodigiani and Rugger Ardizoia. During recent batting slump Gordon switched to left side and banged five hits in five trips.

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DRESSING ROOM. Mike McCormick (left) consults "team doctor" T/Sgt, Guy Lamantia before a night game at Honolulu Stadium. That's Dario Lodigiani behind them.

else that he is on the spot and that to most GIs in combat zones his job smacks of special privilege. He also knows he didn't ask for the assignment. "We're here for a job," DiMaggio said, "and we're playing pretty good ball. If the guys enjoy it, then we're glad to do it." Actually, DiMaggio and the other big-timers are extremely popular with their fellow EM. As one GI growled: "A lot of fellows think it's a picnic playing out there. Jockstrap soldiers! I'd like to hear somebody call DiMaggio a jockstrap soldier. I'd slug him in the eye with a bat."

JUST POSING. Playing baseball in Hawaii isn't all pineapples and coconuts as you would gather from this picture of DiMaggio. Heat and humidity are worse than St. Louis. "After a game I feel dead," DiMaggio said. "I don't want to do anything. Could be I'm getting older." He's 29.

SOLDIERING. DiMaggio, rear rank, marches by in a Seventh AAF review. Assigned to the Special Services office, Joe is out on details from breakfast to lunch and makes personal appearances at hospitals in the Honolulu area.

MAN AT WORK. Joe Gordon was latrine orderly the day YANK correspondent Sgt. Barrett McGurn paid him a visit. McGurn said "Even after the mopping and scrubbing was done much of the porcelain would have flunked inspection."

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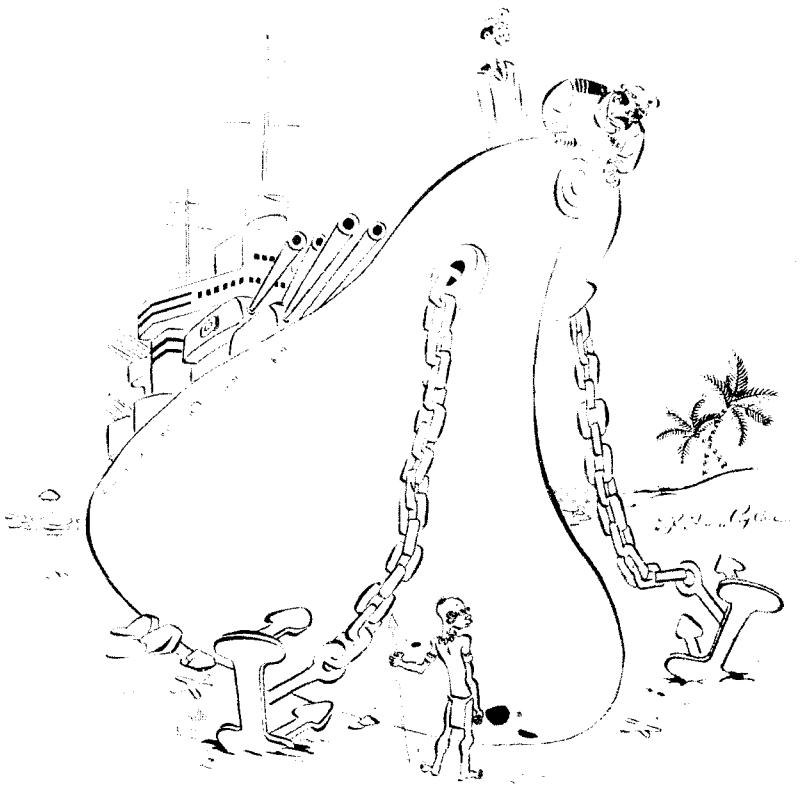
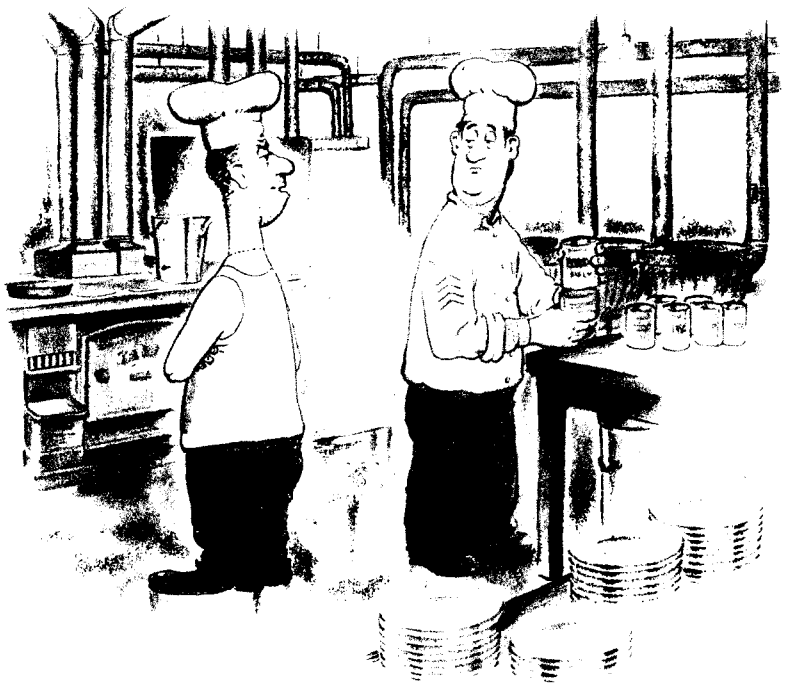


"I WOULDN'T FEEL BADLY, SIR. TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN."
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan

"IT'S TOO BAD WE CAN'T SIMULATE THE WHOLE DAMNED THING."
—Sgt. Dick Ericson



"SOMETHING SMELLS TERRIBLY GOOD. I WONDER WHAT IT COULD BE."
—Pvt. Thomas Flannery

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"BOYOBOY, WOULDN'T SHE LOOK SWELL IN A BATHING SUIT!"
—Pvt. William Gee

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